REQUIEM FOR A DREAM

Based on the book by: Hubert Selby, Jr.

Screenplay by: Darren Aronofsky

January 28, 1999

1

1 ON THE TV--

--is TAPPY TIBBONS, our-America's favorite television personality. His charismatic personality shines for the entire world to see.

Right now, he's Waltzing majestically with one of his SUPERMODEL assistants. His audience cheers wildly.

Suddenly, the plug is pulled. The TV flickers off and we--

CUT TO:

THE PRESENTATION TITLES, THEN--

CUT TO:

1A

1A INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

HARRY GOLDFARB, young 20's, is an eccentric kid with a seductive smile.

He tries to stop his mother SARA GOLDFARB from locking herself in the closet.

HARRY
Ma! Ma! C'mon ma!

SARA
Harold. Please. Not again the TV.

She slams the door closed and Harry talks to the shut door.

HARRY
Why do you haveta' make such a big deal out of this? Eh? You know you'll have the set back in a couple a hours.

No answer.

HARRY
Why ya gotta make me feel guilty?
(frustrated)
Ahhh...

Harry walks across the room to the early-80's TV with ridiculous rabbit ears.

Sara locks the door and retreats to the back of the closet.

Harry starts to push the set on its stand, when suddenly, it jerks -- almost falling. Harry spies a thick bicycle chain going from around the TV to the radiator.

HARRY
Jesus! Whatta ya tryin' to do, eh? You tryin' to get me to break my own mother's set? Or break the radiator?

Harry marches to the closet.

HARRY
...an' maybe blow up the whole house? You tryin' to make me a killer? Your own son? Your own flesh and blood? WHATTA YA DOIN' TA ME? YOUR OWN SON!!!

Then, a thin key slowly peeks out from under the closet door. Harry works it out with his fingernail and yanks it up.

HARRY
Why do you always gotta play games with my head for krists sake? Don't you have any considerations for my feelings? Why do you haveta make my life so difficult?

And then, meekly from the closet--

SARA
Harold, I wouldn't. The chain isn't for you. The robbers.

HARRY
Then why didn't you tell me. The set almost fell. I coulda' had a heart attack.

Sara shakes her head in the darkness.

SARA
You should be well Harold.

HARRY
Then why won't you come out?

Harry tries to open the locked closet door but can't.

HARRY
See what I mean? See how you always gotta upset me?

Harry walks to the TV, unlocks the chain and starts to wheel the TV towards the front door. He pauses by the closet.

HARRY
Ma? Ma? C'mon out? Please ma.

No response. Inside, Sara rocks herself back and forth, hugging her knees.

Then, he throws up his hands, mumbles--

HARRY
Eh, screw it.

--and pushes the set carefully out of the apartment.

In the closet, Sara hears the door shut. She continues to rock back and forth, her eyes shut mumbling to herself--

SARA
It's not happening. And if it should be happening it would be alright, so don't worry Seymour. It'll all work out. You'll see already. In the end it's all nice.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK--

--and the title: "REQUIEM FOR A DREAM"

TITLES BEGIN--

2 EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 2

Waiting for Harry is TYRONE C. LOVE, young 20's, leaning against the wall, playing skillfully with a Yo-Yo.

Taking his time, Tyrone helps Harry wheel the set to the dingy elevator.

TYRONE
Sheeit, this mutha' startin' to look a little seedy man.

HARRY
What's the matta', ya particular all of a sudden?

TYRONE
Hey baby, ah don't care if it's growin' hair just so's we get our braid.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. SARA'S BUILDING -- BRIGHTON BEACH, BROOKLYN -- DAY 3

Lining the front of the building in beach chairs are ten female YENTAS absorbing the sun and passing judgement on Harry.

Harry says hello and is greeted by a chorus of fake, sarcastic "hellos" in return.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. STREETS OF BRIGHTON BEACH AND CONEY ISLAND 4

Harry and Tyrone carefully navigate the TV through the streets of the old Brooklyn neighborhood.

They go under the ELEVATED TRAIN, past the giant, dying PROJECTS, across the BOARDWALK, beneath the shadows of the towering PARACHUTE JUMP and through the cracking and boarded-up AMUSEMENT PARK.

THE TITLES END

A HARD CUT TO:

BLACK

ON THE SCREEN IN WHITE LETTERS: "SUMMER"

CUT TO:

5 INT. PAWN SHOP -- DAY 5

Old and squat MR. RABINOWITZ shakes his head as Harry and Tyrone push the set into his store.

He stands behind a cage of bullet proof glass with all of the pawn shop's possessions.

MR. RABINOWITZ
So look, the table too already.

HARRY
Hey, what do you want from me? I can't schlep it on my back.

MR. RABINOWITZ
You got a friend.

TYRONE
Hey man, I ain't my lepers schlepper.

Harry chuckles.

MR. RABINOWITZ
Such a son. A goniff. Your mother needs you like a moose needs a hat rack.

The pawn shop owner clucks his tongue and slowly counts out the money.

CUT TO:

6 QUICK HIP HOP MONTAGE: 6

Lighter FLICKS--liquid on spoon SIZZLES--tourniquet SNAPS--needle SUCKS--hand SLAPS vein--a thunderous RUSH of liquid--and finally an ecstatic SIGH.

7 INT. TYRONE'S DIVE PAD -- LATER 7

Tyrone's pad is run down but it'll do. TIGHT ON Harry back spinning a record on the turntable and haulting the beat. Then, he lets the other turntable spin and start a new tune.

TYRONE
Sheeit, that's some boss scag baby. I mean DYN-A-MITE.

HARRY
Yeah man, something else.

Harry calmly watches the record spin.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DONUT SHOP -- NIGHT -- LATER 8

Tyrone and Harry sit at the counter of an all night donut shop sipping hot chocolate and eating chocolate Crullers.

TYRONE
Ya know what we oughta do man? Huh? We oughta get a piece of this Brody shit and cut it and off it, ya dig?

HARRY
This stuff's good enough to cut in half and still get you wasted. We could double our money. Easy.

TYRONE
That's right. An' then we buy a couple a pieces an we got somethin' else goin' man. It sure would be righteous.

HARRY
In no time we'd get a pound of pure straight from the Italians.

TYRONE
No hassles. That's all I want, no hassles.

Just then, a hulking COP sits down on the stool next to Harry.

Tyrone and Harry both fall silent and slowly sip their hot chocolate.

Harry looks down at the Cop's gun. It's maybe six inches from his hand.

Slowly, he reaches over and undoes the safety latch on the cop's holster.

Tyrone's eyes fill with fear.

The WAITRESS comes over and gives the Cop his coffee.

WAITRESS
Can I get you a--

Just then, Harry yanks the gun out of the holster. The Cop spins around. Harry retreats--

COP
Hey! Hey!

Harry smiles as the Cop charges. Tyrone snickers. Then, Harry tosses the gun over the Cop's head. Tyrone catches it. The Cop chases Tyrone.

Harry and Tyrone laugh as they toss the gun back and forth just over the frustrated Cop's head. The Cop slips and falls on his ass and we--

CUT BACK TO:

Reality. Five minutes earlier--

WAITRESS
Anything else? Huh?

Tyrone butts Harry. Harry looks up at the waitress who stares at him. The towering Cop looks over as well.

WAITRESS
Well?

HARRY
No, no. Just the check.

The Cop returns to his donut.

CUT TO:

9 INT. PAWN SHOP -- DAY 9

Mr. Rabinowitz shakes his head as Sara enters. He pulls out a ledger book that is labeled "Sara Goldfarb's TV."

MR. RABINOWITZ
Good evening Mrs. Goldfarb.

SARA
Good evening Mr. Rabinowitz, though I'm not so sure how good it is. And you?

MR. RABINOWITZ
Uh, so what can I say? Are you wanting your TV?

SARA
Yes, if you don't mind.

Sara pulls a crinkled ten dollar bill out of the corner of her blouse and hands it to Mr. Rabinowitz.

MR. RABINOWITZ
Mrs. Goldfarb can I ask you a question, you won't be taking it personal?

Sara shrugs.

MR. RABINOWITZ
How many years we know each other?
(he nods his head)
Who's to count? Why don't you tell already the police so maybe they could talk to Harry and he wouldn't be stealing no more the TV.

SARA
Oooo, Mr. Rabinowitz, I couldn't, Harold's my only son. He's all I have.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER 10

Sara chains the TV to the radiator again. She turns on the set, adjusts the rabbit ears, and watches whatever is on.

Sara smiles as she settles into her chair. She ceremoniously removes the plastic wrapper around a box of chocolates.

Immediately, she pulls out a chocolate covered cream and lets it dissolve in her mouth. Her eyes shut in gentle ecstacy.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SEACOAST TOWER -- DAY 11

Looking straight up at the 30 storey building with sharp eyes is MARION. She is beautiful, fresh, and in her young 20's.

Harry comes up from behind and sticks a piece of gum in her mouth.

CUT TO:

12 SEACOAST TOWER'S FOYER 12

Harry randomly presses one of countless buzzers. An OLD LADY responds a moment later:

OLD LADY
Hello? Who is it?

Harry mumbles into the speaker. Him and Marion try to hold their laughter.

OLD LADY
Who?

Harry mumbles again. When the BUZZER rings where on--

13 THE ELEVATOR 13

--in black and white video. A security camera watches: Harry and Marion making out as they head to the--

14 TOP FLOOR 14

PING! Harry dips his head out the open doors.

All clear. He grabs Marion and they dash to the--

15 STAIRWELL 15

-where red bold warnings on the Emergency Exit Roof Door threaten alarm if the door is opened.

MARION
What do we do now?

Harry, still cool, smiles and sticks out his hand. Marion spits out her gum.

Then, he pulls out a wire and with the gum he shorts the alarm.

Harry kicks the roof door open. White light rushes in.

CUT TO:

16 INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM 16

Her phone RRRINGS and Sara leans towards it but she continues to adjust the rabbit ears on her set, torn between the priority of the two activities.

Finally, four rings later she lunges for the phone and flops down in her viewing chair. She is greeted by a CHEERY VOICE.

SARA
Hello?

CHEERY VOICE (O.S.)
Mrs. Goldfarb? Mrs. Sara Goldfarb?

SARA
It's me. Speaking.

The voice is so enthusiastic that she looks over to the TV to see if it's coming from there.

CHEERY VOICE
Mrs. Goldfarb, this is Lyle Russel from C.C.I. Industries.

SARA
I'm not interested in--

CHEERY VOICE
Wait, Mrs. Goldfarb. I'm not selling anything. Nothing. I just want to offer you a chance to be on television.

SARA
Television?

CHEERY VOICE
That's right Mrs. Goldfarb.

SARA
Look I don't have any--

CHEERY VOICE
I'm not looking for money Mrs. Goldfarb. I'm calling to tell you you've already won. Your name was selected from a long list of available contestants. You've been chosen and you now have an opportunity to be on television.

SARA
Me? On the television?

Sara's eyes light up.

LYLE RUSSEL
That's right, Mrs. Goldfarb. You on television.

SARA
I never thought that maybe I would be on television. I'm just a...

LYLE RUSSEL
I know how you feel Mrs. Goldfarb. Do you like game shows?

SARA
No...I mean yes...I a...on the television???

LYLE RUSSEL
C.C.I. Industries discovers contestants for most of America's favorite game shows.

SARA
Oooooooo...Me...me...on the...oh I can't...

LYLE RUSSEL
Yes, Mrs. Goldfarb, <u>you</u>. Congratulations! I can't tell you why you are so lucky, but you are. Congratulations!

Sara falls against the back of the viewing chair, one hand clutches desperately at the phone, the other on top of her dress. Her eyes bulge, her mouth hangs open.

LYLE RUSSEL
You will receive all necessary information in the mail Mrs. Goldfarb. Goodbye and...God bless.

CLICK! Sara tries to catch her breath. She awakens from her ecstacy when the phone beeps its off-the-hook sound.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SARA'S BEDROOM -- A BIT LATER 17

Sara picks up a framed photo. The picture was taken on Harry's Bar Mitzvah day years ago. Harry, in the middle, is a geeky 13-year old in yarmulke and Tollis. Sara's husband SEYMOUR hovers over Harry's left shoulder.

On Harry's right, is a much younger looking Sara. She is 30 pounds lighter, has brilliant red hair, and wears a red dress and gold shoes. Sara stares at her outfit.

Then, she rushes to the closet. As she hums a tuneless monotone, she carefully pulls out the last dress on the hook. She ceremoniously removes the dry cleaning plastic and smiles at her red dress.

She puts it on. In the mirror, she looks over one shoulder, and then, the other. She tries to zip-up the back, but after half an inch and many minutes of exertion she gives up.

On her hands and knees, she searches through mounds of shoes for the special pair. She pulls out the gold shoes and dusts

them off. Shakily, Sara puts them on. She smiles at herself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. ROOF -- DAY 18

Harry and Marion throw paper airplanes down on the dying amusement park.

HARRY
...but why you so hard on your folks. I mean they give you the bread for rent, money for the shrink--

MARION
They bug me with their hypocrisy and pretensions?

Harry shrugs -- no big deal.

MARION
Like they're up there in that big house with all the cars and money and prestige. We'll see how liberal they are when I come home with a black guy.

HARRY
You know what you gotta do.

MARION
Yeah.

HARRY
You gotta get away from them.

MARION
How?

HARRY
What about your clothes. Maybe you could sell them. Open a store.

MARION
I can't.

HARRY
Why?

MARION
When will I have time to hang with you?

A deserved kiss.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ADA'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 19

Sara, barely wearing her red dress, knocks on a door. ADA, an orange haired woman Sara's age, answers the door.

ADA
So where's the party?

SARA
Party, schmarty. This is like all the parties. When I tell you you'll jump out the window.

ADA
A basement window I hope.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SARA'S BEDROOM 20

Ada tries to stuff Sara into her red dress but it ain't happening.

ADA
Well, I have a great diet book.

SARA
Zophtic.

CUT BACK TO:

21 EXT. EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR 21

Marion grabs Harry's short circuit wire. Harry, who's already inside, looks at his girl's mischievous eyes.

HARRY
Marion!

Harry gets it. He smiles. Then, Marion yanks the wire.

ALARMS SCREAM!!!

Harry and Marion bolt to the--

22 TOP FLOOR 22

--where both elevators charge the top floor.

MARION
They're coming.

Harry grabs Marion's hand and pulls her down the hallway.

Dead end.

Harry and Marion squeezes against a doorway -- fighting the urge to crack-up. Then:

PING! -- the elevator. SECURITY GUARD charges out.

Harry and Marion hold their breath. The guard heads straight for the staircase.

Then, our criminals charge--

23 THE ELEVATOR 23

--and in black and white video: make-out all the way down.

THEN:

24 EXT. SEACOAST TOWER -- DAY 24

Harry and Marion burst out of the front door laughing, ALARM RINGING behind them.

CUT TO:

25 INSIDE SARA'S MAILBOX -- DAY 25

The mailbox opens and Sara disappointingly peers into the empty darkness.

CUT TO:

26 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 26

Sara sits in her viewing chair, watching television, reading her diet book, as she slides herself a chocolate. The diet book is called "Ten Pounds in Ten Days."

She flips through about a hundred pages of introduction until she comes to the words, "FIRST WEEK."

She stares at the page and suddenly she becomes concerned. She reaches for a chocolate covered caramel as we read the page with her:

BREAKFAST
1 hard boiled egg
1/2 grapefruit
1 cup black coffee (no sugar)

LUNCH
1 hard boiled egg
1/2 grapefruit
1/2 cup lettuce (no dressing)
1 cup black coffee (no sugar)

DINNER
1 hard boiled egg
1/2 grapefruit

1 cup black coffee (no sugar)
NOTE: Drink at least 2 quarts of water each day.

Sara stares and chews.

Her eyes focus on the words, "no," "1," and "1/2." They focus on the repetition of meals. They focus on the insanity, searching for the real information between the lines.

She hears a giggle and turns to look at the refrigerator.

Defeated, she drops the book and reaches for another chocolate. Her head starts to hang and tears begin to well up in her eyes.

But then, she notices something on the television.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Now let's meet our next contestant. Mrs. Sara Goldfarb.

There she is! Herself dressed in red, her hair gorgeous red, walking across the screen, so slim, so trim, so sexy. Such curves. This is RED SARA.

Our Sara's tears fade as her chin lifts and she begins to smile.

She watches Red Sara pose for the television audience. She can hear the applause and the wolf whistles.

She puts the chocolates away and lifts up the book -- new hope.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT -- MID-SUMMER DAY 27

Bright summer sun shoots through the window and screams across Marion's living room floor until it slows and falls upon Harry and Marion.

They are asleep, fully dressed in each other's arms.

The racing sounds of the outside midday summer traffic dissipate and they are alone in a vacuum of melodious heart beats and deep breaths.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT -- DAY 28

Ada strips Sara's hair with a smelly, homemade peroxide concoction at the sink. They're positioned so that they can both watch the TV set from the corners of their eyes.

SARA
Ech, what a smell. That's the Gawanus Canal?

ADA
Just relax dolly, you got a long way to go. You'll get used to it.

SARA
Get used to it? I'm almost losing my appetite.

They chuckle.

SARA
When's lunch?

Bigger laugh.

ADA
Sweetie, we're lucky if we're finished before supper.

SARA
So long?

ADA
That's right. With you we're starting from scratch one.

SARA
And I thought I would catch a little sun today.

ADA
In a box you'll catch it. You just relax and think how gorgeous you'll look with your red hair. Today the hair, tomorrow the sun.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MARION'S KITCHEN 29

Marion's table is filled with groceries.

Harry is spinning some records on his portable turntable. Tyrone plays with his Yo-Yo.

MARION
Anybody wanna waste some time?

Marion pulls out three pills. Harry and Tyrone each grab one. Injestion...

29A WIDE SHOT OF THE KITCHEN IN TIME-LAPSE. THE NEXT THREE MINUTE SCENE IS ACTUALLY A THREE HOUR EVENT AS HARRY, MARION AND TYRONE HANG OUT. WE LISTEN TO THEM AT NORMAL, IF NOT SLIGHTLY SLOWED DOWN, SPEED. 29A

HARRY
I'm starving.

TYRONE
Yeah, me too, get me a Snickers.

HARRY
Damn Ty, don't you eat anything except Snickers?

TYRONE
Yeah Chuckles. Ah digs Chuckles.

MARION
You sure as hell don't know anything about eating, man.

HARRY
What you need is some good noodle soup.

TYRONE
Sheeit, Pepsi and Snickers'll take care of anything. You hear about Gogit?

HARRY
What now?

CUT TO:

30 EXT. AVENUE X TRAIN PLATFORM -- NIGHT 30

In slow-mo: GOGIT -- a solid weasel -- waits for a train.

TYRONE
Well Gogit was waitin' at Avenue X for the D to Coney and he had to take a piss.

Gogit looks around, no one in sight.

TYRONE
So he unzips his pants pulls out his Johnson and starts to piss on the tracks.

MARION
Oh no.

TYRONE
Oh yes. He starts pissin' and he decides to clean off the third rail, forgettin' it's electrical charge.

MARION
No.

TYRONE
Yes. ZAP!

A loud ZAP! and a flash of BLUE light throws Gogit against the Avenue X sign.

TYRONE
Right up his Johnson. He claims he was out cold for a half hour. Problem is: he was flat out on his back and he kept pissing.

CUT BACK TO:

29A CONT. MARION'S KITCHEN 29A Cont.

Still in time-lapse. A big laugh!

In the flash of an eye: Harry sets the table, Tyrone rolls a joint, Marion lays out the salami, cheese, and wine.

HARRY
Gogit should've studied some more science in high school.

TYRONE
Good food, good weed, good company, now all we need is some braid.

HARRY
I heard about a job--

TYRONE
A job! Hah!

MARION
What? You lose a bet?

TYRONE
(giggles)
Damn this is a righteous chick, jim.

HARRY
No, we got this idea. Tyrone has this connection Brody with some dynamite shit. If we can get some cash together we can get a piece, cut it up and make a fortune.

TYRONE
Soon we could get a pound of pure and retire.

HARRY
We'd get off hard knocks and be on easy street.

MARION
What's the catch?

Suddenly, the racing kitchen clock stops.

CUT TO:

31 INT. SARA'S BATHROOM -- DAY 31

Sara stares in the mirror, blinking at her ridiculously orange hair. It's nowhere near red.

SARA
That's red?

ADA
Well it's not exactly red but it's almost, maybe, in the same family.

SARA
The same family? They're not even distant cousins already.

ADA
It's a red. Not a red red, but a red.

SARA
Red? You're telling me this is a red?

ADA
Yeah. I'm telling. It's a red.

SARA
Then what's orange? If this is a red I want to know what's orange?

Ada looks at Sara's hair, then her reflection, then back to Sara's hair, and then back to her reflection. She purses her lips and shrugs.

ADA
Well, it could be a little orange, too.

SARA
A little orange? It's a little orange like being a little bit pregnant.

ADA
(shrugs)
So what's to worry? It'll be alright.

SARA
What's to worry? Someone may try to juice me.

ADA
Relax, relax, dolly. It just needs a little more dye. It'll be alright for the television.

SARA
All day long, I'm getting my scalp scraped, and burned and smelling like dead fish and I look like a basketball.

ADA
Relax. You should learn to relax. That's your trouble you don't know how to relax already. I'm telling you it's alright. Tomorrow we'll do it again and you'll look like Lucille Ball.

Ada leads Sara away from the mirror.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT -- DAY 32

(Post-sex) + (pre-sleep) = (intimate talk). (i.e. Palm reading, nipple toying, eye staring, etc.)

HARRY
You know something? I've always thought you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

MARION
Really?

HARRY
Since the first time I met you.

MARION
That's nice Harry. That really makes me feel good.

HARRY
Good for your ego, eh?

MARION
Well, I can't say that it does it any harm, but that's not what I mean. It makes me feel good all over, like ... well, you know lots of people tell me that and its meaningless, completely meaningless.

HARRY
You mean because you think they're putting you on?

MARION
No, no nothing like that. I don't know or care if they are. I guess maybe they really mean it, but from them it just doesn't mean anything to me. When you say it I hear it. You know what I mean? I really hear it.

HARRY
Someone like you could really make it alright for me.

MARION
Really?

HARRY
We need something more than this shit. Something better than hustling the streets forever. I want us to have our own thing.

MARION
Harry...

HARRY
I've been thinking...

Harry drifts off. Marion's interest is sparked.

MARION
What?

HARRY
Here.

Harry puts on a shirt. Marion wraps herself in a sheet. Then, Harry pulls out a folder from under the bed. The lovers hang off the edge looking at the folder.

MARION
What is it?

HARRY
Well, I've got this idea. I want us to open a store.

MARION
What?

HARRY
Just listen. It'll be really cool. In the front we'll sell your designs. Your clothes. Your furniture, anything. And
(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)
in the back we'll have a little D.J. shack. We can sell records and I can mix it up.

A pause. Marion thinks.

HARRY
Well, what do you--

MARION
Oh, it's a great idea.

HARRY
Really?

MARION
Yeah.

HARRY
Look, I put some numbers together. Not too much. But I got an idea how much something like this could cost, and I think--

MARION
We could open it in Manhattan. In the Village or Tribeca. And we could make it an ultra-hip design. I could do that. Oh Harry it's an excellent idea. Let's do it. Let's do it. How do we start?

HARRY
Well, first we gotta get money for the piece and then--

MARION
I'll get it.

HARRY
Really? How?

MARION
How do you think? My fucking parents.

A laugh. And then, they hug and kiss gently.

Harry pulls his face back, a few inches from Marion's.

HARRY
I think I'm falling in love with you.

MARION
Think?

TIGHT SHOTS and QUICK CUTS as Harry kisses the tip of Marion's nose, then her eyelids, then her cheeks, and her soft lips, her chin, her neck, and lastly her earlobes.

Then, he whispers in her ear:

HARRY
Marion, Marion, I love you.

FADE TO BLINDING WHITE, THEN:

33 INT. MAILBOX -- DAY 33

We pull out of the white and into Sara's mailbox. She peeks in -- empty.

CUT TO:

34 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN -- DAY 34

TIGHT ON kitchen clock ticking normally.

ON Sara's breakfast -- one hard boiled egg, half a grapefruit, and a mug of black coffee.

ON the directions in Sara's diet book.

ON Sara -- blinking at her "meal," a sigh.

We watch as she tries to enjoy her breakfast.

After the food is gone, she fills a glass of water. As she sips it, she notices her hand reaching for something -- something more to eat.

TIGHT ON the kitchen clock ticking real slow. Her Timex the same.

We see her eyes, her lips, her twitching fingers.

A quick glimpse at the fridge. She grabs her stomach and says to it:

SARA
Stop already.
(then to herself:)
You'll feel better in the red dress than a cheese Danish.

CUT TO:

35 INT. MARION'S BATHROOM 35

Marion throws some cold water on her face. She looks at her naked torso in the mirror. She feels lifeless, drab and dead.

35A QUICK CUTS: TINFOIL CRINKLES, POWDER SPRINKLES, LIGHTER FLICKS, SMOKE DRIFTS, STRAW SUCKS, A PLEASANT SIGH... 35A

35B ONCE AGAIN, MARION LOOKS IN THE MIRROR. 35B

Now, she looks alive and glorious. Rays of golden light encase her body in a gentle glow.

She cups her hands under her breasts and smiles as she turns and poses admiring their size and firmness.

"Not bad," she thinks.

CUT TO:

36 INSIDE SARA'S MAILBOX -- DAY 36

Nothing.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 37

Sara tries to watch TV but the fridge beckons her.

TIGHT ON the kitchen clock slowly, slowly ticking.

The fridge SHUDDERS. Frustrated, Sara grabs her folding chair and heads out.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. SARA'S BUILDING -- DAY 38

The outside of the building is lined with the old Yentas sitting in beach chairs catching the sun. A few have reflectors and stare up at the sun.

Sara exits her building and lets the sun hit her hair. Her friend RAE says something first.

RAE
Ada told us. It's gorgeous.

SARA
Thank you. We're making it a little darker tomorrow.

RAE
So why darker?

SARA
To match my red dress.

RAE
But now it's looking like Lucille Ball.

SARA
But I'm not. But soon ... I'm on a diet.

ADA
Yes she is.

YENTA #1
Cottage cheese and lettuce?

ADA
No.

RAE
What diet you on?

SARA
Eggs and grapefruit.

RAE
Oi vay. I was on that once. Lots of luck dolly.

SARA
It's not so bad.

RAE
How long you been on already.

SARA
All day.

RAE
All day? It's one o'clock.

SARA
So, I'm thinking thin.

Now, old MRS. SCARLINI pipes up.

MRS. SCARLINI
My Rosie lost fifty pounds like that almost.

YENTA #1
Like that?

SARA
Like what?

MRS. SCARLINI
Poof.

RAE
You put her in a sweat box?

MRS. SCARLINI
A doctor. He gave her pills. It makes you not want to eat.

YENTA #1
So what's so good about that? You mean I'm sitting here not thinking about chopped liver and pastrami on rye?

MRS. SCARLINI
With a slice of onion and mustard.

YENTA #2
Herring.

YENTA #1
Herring?

YENTA #2
Yeah, herring. In sour cream. With matzoh, a nosh. When the sun goes behind the building I'm having a nosh.

ADA
You shouldn't talk like that when someone's on a diet.

SARA
Eh, big deal. I'll sneak an extra piece of lettuce. I'm thinking thin.

RAE
The mailman...

Just then, the MAILMAN arrives. Sara picks up her chair and follows him into the building. Ada, Rae, and the other Yentas follow Sara.

SARA
Goldfarb. Goldfarb. I know you have a big important mail for Goldfarb.

MAILMAN
Let's see. Not much around here except at the beginning of the month with the Social Security checks.

SARA
But, I'm expecting something--

MAILMAN
Here we go. Something for Goldfarb, Sara Goldfarb.

He hands her a thick manila envelope.

CUT TO:

39 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 39

The Yentas follow Sara into the apartment. Someone flips on the TV, someone else starts a pot of coffee.

ADA
So let's see.

YENTA #1
Open it, open it.

Sara carefully opens the envelope. She takes out a questionnaire.

RAE
So when do you go on?

SARA
They decide after you send this form.

ADA
Oh it's so exciting.

The other woman murmur their excitement, too. Ada takes the application from Sara and places it on the table.

ADA
OK, OK. You sit dolly and just answer the questions.

Sara, a bit nervous, sits down. Ada gives her a pencil and leans over her shoulder. The Yentas crowd around.

ADA
Name? Easy enough. S-a-r-a G-o-l-d-f-a-r-b.

SARA
You call that a question? That kind I take six at once.

The Yentas laugh as Sara carefully prints her name.

ADA
Address.

SARA
A breeze.

Sara fills out question after question until:

ADA
Uh-oh.

SARA
What? What?

ADA
Date of Birth.

SARA
So now you're getting personal. Okay, I'll tell you.

She fills it in.

ADA
Age?

SARA
So now you want me to count for you!

ADA
Marital Status?

SARA
(next, smiles)
Wanting, needing. How about if I win Robert Redford?

A big laugh.

ADA
Sex?

A bigger laugh.

SARA
Please?

The biggest.

ADA
That's it dolly.

Sara holds the paper against her chest and says a short prayer. The Yentas respect her silence.

Then, she carefully folds it and places it in the self-addressed envelope. She seals it and holds the flap down for many seconds.

Then, she puts it on her chair and sits on it, just to make sure it's sealed.

Next she tosses her head and shoulders at the refrigerator and says to it:

SARA
Who needs you?

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SARA'S BUILDING -- A MOMENT LATER 40

Sara marches out of the building waving the envelope. The Yentas follow their friend. Victorious, they march to the mailbox.

YENTA #1
I wonder when you'll hear?

ADA
Maybe they'll send you to Tavern on the Green, that's where they send all the stars.

SARA
I'm eating eggs and grapefruit at Tavern on the Green.

The ladies laugh as they follow their hero, their saviour, their victor. Suddenly, the envelope begins to glow. It glows a brilliant white.

At the mailbox Sara kisses the envelope and drops it in the mail slot. She closes the lid and then opens it to make sure it has dropped into the box.

And then, the ladies huddle around Sara as the blue mailbox begins to radiate and bathe them in a cool blue light. The Yentas "ooooh" and "ahhh."

CUT TO:

41 INT. TYRONE'S DIVE PAD 41

Tyrone is on the phone with Brody's Henchman. Harry sits at the table counting twenties into a small, neat pile.

TYRONE
Dynamite? Dynamite. Dynamite! Alright we's on the way.

Tyrone hangs up.

TYRONE
Brody's man says it's real fine shit.

HARRY
Alright. Here we go.

TYRONE
Here we go.

HARRY
(serious)
Let's do this right.

TYRONE
Naturally.

Tyrone takes the money and slaps Harry five. Exit Tyrone.

Harry spins some vinyl, rolls a joint, sparks it, and takes a few pokes. He starts grooving with the music as his nervousness dissolves.

Then, something is off and Harry feels it. He stops the turntable.

Suddenly, it's a sunny day in Tyrone's bedroom. The back wall is gone and stretching into the sea is--

42 THE CONEY ISLAND PIER 42

Now, strolling with a baby carriage is a woman in a red dress. It's Marion.

Harry watches her from Tyrone's apartment.

He calls for her but she keeps going. He chases after her.

He's trying to get a glimpse into the carriage. Finally, Marion hears him and she spins around. She smiles and waves.

She reaches into the carriage to pick something up. Harry is almost with her. He keeps running.

And just, as he's about to get a peek, he stops. He hears a KEY IN A LOCK.

He spins around and we--

CUT BACK TO:

43 INT. TYRONE'S DIVE PAD -- NOW 43

Tyrone enters the room with a big ass shit eatin' grin on his face.

He drops a little package on the table.

TYRONE
There it is, jim.

HARRY
Huh.

TYRONE
There it is.

Harry snaps out of it and he looks at the package.

TYRONE
Shall we try.

HARRY
Wait, Ty. This is our chance to make it big and I mean really big. We don't have to be dealin' in no petty ass pieces all our lives. We play it right an' we can get a pound of pure, but if we get wasted we'll fuck it up.

TYRONE
Right on baby, ahm not jivin' you. Ah doan' want to be runnin' no streets the res' of mah life in no ripped sneakers, mah nose runnin' down to mah chin. All we gotta do is have a little taste so we know how much to cut it.

HARRY
Fair enough.

43A PALMS SLAP, THEN: FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 43A

43B AND: FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 43B

43C TYRONE AND HARRY LOOK AT EACH OTHER WITH FLUSH FACES AND HANGING HEADS. 43C

They grin at each other.

TYRONE
Sheeit...

Then they laugh and laugh and laugh.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BOARDWALK -- DAY 44

Marion sits in front of the Wonder Wheel watching the summer crowd play.

She unpacks the shopping bag next to her. She pulls out some sketch pads, pencils, charcoal and a sharpener.

She stares at the blank page. A moment later, she begins to sketch.

CUT TO:

45 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 45

Sara sits in her chair trying to watch TV.

But, she can't concentrate. The kitchen clock ticks terribly slowly. So does her Timex.

Everywhere she looks in the room, steaming hot food appears. Over there, by her plants, is a bacon, double cheese burger. Then, over there, by the lamp is a chocolate covered eclair.

She grabs a glass of water and downs it.

She turns to the fridge. It SHUDDERS at her. She screams at it:

SARA
Shut up!

Suddenly the fridge door becomes transparent. She can see all the produce in her stuffed fridge beckoning her.

She turns away and goes into--

46 THE BEDROOM 46

She flips off the light and tries to sleep.

She closes her eyes but they pop open. Then, slowly, her beige ceiling disappears and turns into a clear blue sky with puffy white clouds. Then it dissolves into a sizzling, juicy pizza pie.

Sara twists and turns. Then, the pie turns into a chocolate covered cherry. Then, it becomes a bagel smothered with lox, onions and crowned with a healthy slice of tomato.

46B THERE'S NO HOPE, SARA SITS UP IN HER BED AND REACHES FOR THE PHONE. SHE DIALS. 46B

MRS. SCARLINI
Hello?

SARA
Louise, it's Sara. I need the number of that doctor.

CUT TO:

47 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 47

ON Harry looking hollow.

HARRY
Why do you have to see him for krists sake? Cut the son of a bitch loose.

Marion is dressing herself up in front of the mirror. She looks like a million bucks in a chic black dress. She carefully, applies her lipstick.

MARION
I don't want him mentioning to my parents that I have stopped therapy. I want the two hundred dollars a week.

Marion turns and touches Harry's face tenderly.

MARION
Sweetheart, I am not going to sleep with him. I told him I have the curse so he's planning on going home after the concert.

Harry tries not to sulk, but his chin dips. Then, Marion chuckles but Harry doesn't respond. Suddenly, she hugs him and squeals with absolute glee.

MARION
Oh Harry, you're jealous!

Harry halfheartedly tries to push her away but Marion doesn't let him.

MARION
Come on sweetheart, put your arms around me, come on, please!? please!?

She lifts his hands and puts them on her shoulders as she snuggles deeper into him. Then she starts kissing him on the ears and eyelids, and his neck and soon he starts to giggle.

HARRY
Come on, stop, stop you crazy girl or I'll bite you on the throat.

They laugh as they tickle each other and cover each other in kisses.

CUT TO:

48 INT. RAOUL'S CAFE -- NIGHT 48

A fancy French pretention -- two plates of frog legs, two glasses of Cinzano with twists, and a stunning Marion with a dumpy ARNOLD THE SHRINK.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
I'm disappointed that you are indisposed.

MARION
Well, there's nothing we can do. Even your boy Freud can't help us. Is Anita out of town, or something?

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
Why do you ask?

MARION
No reason really, just curious.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
(suspicious pause, then--)
No, but she will be involved in something most of the night.

MARION
Can I ask you something personal Arnold?

CUT TO:

49 EXT. PROJECTS -- NIGHT 49

Sodium street light POPS as Tyrone cold lamps by a beat-up bodega.

A black hand SLAPS Tyrone money. The money SLIDES into his pocket. Tyrone's eyes SWISH left than right. He SLIPS something out from behind a parked car's tire. And SLAPS a bag of white powder back.

49A POP, SLAP, SLIDE, SWISH, SLIP, SLAP! AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND 49A AGAIN.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE PROJECTS -- NIGHT 50

Neon CRACKLE as Harry chills outside an OTB.

A white hand SLAPS Harry money. The money SLIPS into his pocket. Harry's eyes SWISH right then left. He CLINKS something out of a trash can. And he SLAPS a bag of white powder back.

50A CRACKLE, SLAP, SLIP, SWISH, CLINK, SLAP! AGAIN. AND AGAIN. 50A AND AGAIN.

CUT TO:

51 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT -- LATER 51

Harry spins Marion around.

HARRY
We're on our way baby, we're really on our way.

MARION
Harry.

HARRY
It was great out there. Everyone's thirsty.

MARION
I'm so glad. Look, look what I started...

Marion takes out her sketchbook. She's begun sketching the interior to the store.

MARION
This is the front half for clothes, and then if there's a basement we can stick a spiral staircase down to the shack. And--

Marion looks at Harry. He is touched but she can't read his face.

MARION
What is it? It's just a sketch. If you don't--

HARRY
Oh, Marion. It's great. It's so great.

Harry and Marion lean into each other, suddenly hugging each other, kissing, dreaming and believing.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DOCTOR PILL'S EXAMINING ROOM 52

A SKINNY NURSE weighs and measures Sara.

SKINNY NURSE
How are you?

SARA
Fine, that's why I'm here.

They both laugh. The Nurse takes Sara's blood pressure.

SKINNY NURSE
How's your hearing and vision?

SARA
I have both.

The Nurse laughs again.

SKINNY NURSE
Now wait just a minute.

The nurse smiles and leaves.

A moment later, DOCTOR PILL enters. He looks at the chart the Nurse filled out and then he smiles at Sara.

DOCTOR PILL
I see you're a little overweight.

SARA
A little? I have fifty pounds I'm willing to donate.

DOCTOR PILL
We can take care of that, no problem.

CUT TO:

53 HIP HOP MINI-MONTAGE 53

TIGHTS of dope being cut, plastic bags being filled,

53A TYRONE AND HARRY DEALING, 53A

53B MARION SKETCHING, 53B

53C HARRY AND MARION KISSING, 53C

53D HARRY SPINNING TUNES, 53D

53E FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH, 53E

53F AND CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 53F

CUT TO:

54 INT. TYRONE'S CLOSET 54

Harry and Tyrone neatly stuff a shoe box full of money. They put a rubber band around the box and hide it in the back of the closet.

Harry gives Tyrone five, Tyrone gives Harry five.

CUT TO:

55 INT. EMPTY STORE -- DAY 55

A straight REAL ESTATE AGENT shows Harry and Marion around the empty store. They happily compare Marion's sketches to the abandoned interior.

56 OUTSIDE 56

The Agent snaps a photo of the lovers in front of the store.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN 57

On the table in front of her are four bottles of pills and the instructions.

SARA
Purple in the morning. Red in the afternoon. Orange in the evening.
(to the refrigerator)
That's my three meals Mr. Smarty Pants.
(then to herself)
Green at night. Just like that. One, two, three, four...

57A SHE POPS A PURPLE: A PILL CAP POPS OFF, PILL HITS HAND, MOUTH 57A GULPS, PILL CAP SNAPS ON.

Then she heads to the fridge and makes herself a smoked fish, cream cheese sandwich on an onion Kaiser roll.

She shows off to the fridge as she devours it.

Then, she makes a cup of coffee: an empty pot TINKLES into place, the coffee PERKS, the coffee DRIPS, and then Sara SLURPS, SLURPS, SLURPS.

She PICKS-UP the remote and FLIPS on the set but she can't seem to sit down, so she heads outside with her chair.

CUT TO:

58 INSIDE SARA'S MAILBOX -- DAY 58

Sara peeks in for anything -- nothing.

CUT TO:

59 INT. CONEY ISLAND ARCADE 59

Marion and Harry play skee ball. Marion hits a 50 and smiles. Harry stops playing.

HARRY
Yeah, that's what I'll do.

MARION
Huh?

HARRY
For my mom. I've been thinking of getting something for her, you know, some kind of present, but I didn't know what to get.

MARION
Well?

HARRY
I finally asked myself, what's her fix? Television, right? If ever there's a TV junkie it's the old lady. I figure maybe I owe her a new one anyway with all the
(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)
wear and tear her set got from being schlepped back and forth to old Abe's.

MARION
You really love her don't you.

HARRY
I don't know. I guess so. One time I feel one way and the other time I feel something else. Most of the time I just want her to be happy.

MARION
Let's go get it now.

HARRY
Well...

MARION
C'mon.

HARRY
I don't wanna deal with salesman...

MARION
Oh come on.

HARRY
(gets an idea)
Well let's push-off first.

MARION
It's still early. We shouldn't get going till tonight.

HARRY
Yeah, I know, but this is different. After all, I was always usin' the old lady's set to cop money so now we'll use a little stuff to get her a set.

Marion doesn't fight him.

59A THEN THERE'S THE: FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 59A

59B AND: CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 59B

CUT TO:

60 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 60

Coffee: TINKLE, PERK, DRIP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP...

and

60A PILL: POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 60A

60B SARA STARTS TO CLEAN THE APARTMENT. 60B

Time races by as she intricately cleans every single square inch of the kitchen. She cleans the inside of the fridge and dumps all the food.

Next, she moves into the living room and continues to clean.

Then, everything slows down:

Sara collapses in her viewing chair in front of the TV. She tries to watch but she's squirming in her seat.

Then, she notices something wrong. She's not sure what so she heads into--

61 THE BATHROOM 61

In the mirror, she stares at her clenched teeth grinding. She wonders what this means. She shrugs and takes the green pill:

61A POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 61A

62 BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM 62

--Sara sits in front of the TV and watches Tappy Tibbons preach. Slowly she dozes off.

CUT TO:

63 INT. TYRONE'S DIVE PAD 63

Tyrone's old pad has been spruced up. It's filled with tons of cool toys. It looks like Christmas morning.

Beautiful and very young ALICE lays naked in the giant bed staring at Tyrone.

He sits naked at his desk playing with flip books. First there's a wacky duck dancing, then there's a crying G.I. soldier.

ALICE
Why dontcha' come back to bed honey?

TYRONE
Sheeit, plenty time for that woman, I got me a cool ass toy ahm groovin' behind.

Tyrone picks up another flip book and lets things rip. The animation suddenly turns into live action and we are following

63A THE BACK OF A LITTLE BOY. 63A

The boy runs across a black room into the arms of a beautiful woman.

The boy is YOUNG TYRONE and the woman is TYRONE'S MOTHER.

YOUNG TYRONE
I told ya ma. One day I'd make it.

TYRONE'S MOTHER
You don't have to make anything. You just gotta love your momma.

The image of boy and mother dies when the flip book ends.

63 cnTYRONE LOOKS AT IT SADLY. 63 cn

ALICE
What are you doing honey?

TYRONE
Thinking about you baby and what I'm gonna do to ya.

Tyrone leaps onto the bed and Alice squeals playfully.

ALICE
Don't do that Tyrone. You'll scare me to death.

TYRONE
Oh little momma, I wouldn't want to scare you ... I doan' want to scare nobody. All I want from life is no hassles and some peace and harmony ... an' I want it from the finest fox that ever lived.

CUT TO:

64 INSIDE SARA'S MAILBOX -- DAY 64

Still empty...

CUT TO:

65 EXT. SARA'S BUILDING -- DAY 65

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP

65A AND TINKLE, PERK, DRIP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP... 65A

65B THE YENTAS ALL RISE WHEN SARA COMES OUT AND THEY MOVE THEIR CHAIRS SO THAT SHE CAN HAVE HER PROPER SEAT IN THE SUN. 65B

YENTA #1
Sara, you know yet when?

YENTA #2
Are you hearing anything?

SARA
Nothing yet.

ADA
You can bring friends?

SARA
So how should I know?

ADA
They should let you bring at least a schlepper. Whose going to carry home all those prizes.

SARA
Believe me, I'll get them home. Especially Robert Redford. For him I don't need a schlepper.

But Sara is having a hard time sitting still. She looks up and down the street for the mailman and paces around her friends.

They watch her with a bit of concern. Then Mrs. Scarlini comes out of the building for sunning. Sara grabs her and hugs her.

SARA
I love you forever. I can't believe it but I'm not even thinking of food. If you put a big bowl of chicken noodle soup I wouldn't eat it, not even if it was smothered in borscht.

CUT TO:

66 INT. TYRONE'S NEW PAD 66

Alice and Tyrone make some crazy love. Arms flail, teeth bite, mouths scream. Some crazy love.

CUT TO:

67 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 67

Sara stands in front of the mirror trying on the red dress. The dress won't close.

67A POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 67A

67B THE RED DRESS GETS A LITTLE CLOSER. 67B

67C POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 67C

67D THE DRESS GETS EVEN CLOSER. 67D

CUT TO:

68 INT. TAXI CAB -- MOVING 68

Harry squirms in the back seat wearing a sharp new pair of slacks, a sport shirt and a pair of new shoes.

He nervously pats down his hair and adjusts his collar.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. SARA'S BUILDING 69

The Yentas all admire Sara's slim figure until the mailman approaches. Everyone turns to him -- hoping...

He grins and shakes his head.

MAILMAN
When I see it I'll be waving it all over the place.

The mailman enters the building.

A cab pulls up. Harry steps out. He stares at the intimidating line of Yentas.

Sara stares for a brief second not computing this apparition.

Then, she jumps up and wraps her arms around him almost knocking him off balance.

SARA
Harry!

She kisses him and he kisses her. She's so excited she kisses him again.

HARRY
Hey, take it easy ma, you'll crush me.

He gives her a quick smile as he adjusts his clothes.

SARA
Come, come inside Harry. I'll make you a pot of coffee and we'll make a visit.

She grabs his hand and heads to the entrance.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 70

Sara makes a pot of coffee as she bustles around grabbing cups, saucers, spoons, milk and napkins.

Harry stares wide-eyed at his hyperactive mother. He tries to get a word in but can't.

SARA
And how are you Harry, you're looking so good. You want something to eat.

HARRY
No ma--

SARA
A little nosh maybe or cake I'll go get some if you want, but I don't have anything in the house but Ada will have something, a cupcake maybe.

HARRY
No--

Finally, the coffee is ready and she fills two cups.

SARA
You want something to eat?

HARRY
(almost screams)
No ma. Nothing. Sit. Sit for krists sake. You're making me dizzy?

SARA
You notice something? You notice I'm slimmer?

HARRY
Yeah, yeah, I guess you are mom.

SARA
Twenty-five pounds. You believe it? Twenty-five pounds and that's just the beginning.

HARRY
That's great ma. That's really great, I'm really happy for ya. But sit down, eh?

Sara sits, Harry is bewildered.

HARRY
I'm sorry I haven't been around for awhile ma, but I've been busy, real busy.

Sara nods as she clenches her jaw.

SARA
You got yourself a good job? You're doing well?

HARRY
Yeah ma, real good.

SARA
What kind of business?

HARRY
Well, I'm sort of a distributor like. For a big importer. My own.

SARA
Oh, I'm so happy for you.

Sara gets up and smothers Harry with kisses.

HARRY
Hey ma, easy, eh? You're killing me. Krist whatta ya been doin', liftin' weights?

SARA
Your own business. Oh Harry I knew when I saw you that you had your own business. I always knew that you could do that.

HARRY
(smiles)
Yeah ma, you were right. I made it just like you said I would.

SARA
So now maybe you'll meet a nice young Jewish girl and have a baby?

HARRY
I already met one--

Sara squeals and squeaks and starts to jump out of her chair. Harry holds his arms up in front of him.

HARRY
Jesus krist ma, don't go ape shit, eh?

SARA
Is she a nice girl? Whose her parents? What--

HARRY
You knower ma. Marion. Marion Silver. Remember, you--

SARA
Oh, Silver. Of course. I know Manhattan Beach. He's got a house on the esplanade. Garment business.

HARRY
Yeah, yeah, he's big in women's undies.

Harry chuckles. Sara is so happy, she can't stay sitting. She refills their cups.

HARRY
Before you go bouncin' all over again and make me forget, what I want to tell ya is I got you a present and--

SARA
Harry, I don't want a present, just have a baby.

HARRY
Later for that, eh? Will you let me tell you what I got, eh? Will ya?

Sara nods, grins, grinds and clenches.

HARRY
Krist, you're really something else today. Look, I know...well...
(deep breath)
What I'm trying to say is that...well...
(shrugs)
Well...I know I ain't been the best son in the world--

SARA
Oh Harry, you're a good--

HARRY
No, no! Please ma, let me finish. I'll never get it out if you keep interrupting me.
(deep breath)
I'm sorry for being such a bastard.
(stop-breathe-sigh)
I wanta make it up. I mean I know I can't change anything that's happened, but I want ya to know that I'm sorry and I love ya, and I wanta make it right.

SARA
Harry, it's--

HARRY
I don't know why I do those things. I don't really want to do them. It just sort've happens, I guess. I don't know. It's all kindda goofy somehow, but I really do love ya ma and I want you to be happy so I got ya a brand new TV set. It's gonta be delivered in a couple a days. From Macy's.

Sara squeals, but Harry wards her off with his hands. She sits down, grins and grinds her teeth.

SARA
Oh Harry, you're such a good boy. Your father would be so happy to see what you're doing for your poor, lonely mother.

Harry leans over and gives her an honest, open and perfectly beautiful kiss.

SARA
You see that Seymour? You see how good your son is? He knows how lonely his mother is living all alone, no one to make her a visit...

Harry feels pretty good as he listens to his mother until something puzzles him. He stops hearing his mother and now he suddenly hears some other strange sound. What is it?

He looks around until he looks at his mother. Suddenly, he is filled with surprise, disbelief and confusion.

The noise he hears, is his mother's teeth grinding. TIGHT ON Sara's mouth. Harry leans across the table.

HARRY
Hey ma, you droppin' uppers?

SARA
What?

HARRY
You on uppers?
(getting angry)
You're on diet pills, ain't ya? Ya dropping dexies.

Sara is suddenly stunned. She's completely bewildered.

SARA
On, on, what is on?

HARRY
How come ya lost so much weight?

SARA
I told you, I'm going to a specialist.

HARRY
Yeah, sure. What kindda specialist?

SARA
What kind? A specialist. For weight.

HARRY
Yeah, that's what I thought. You're makin' a croaker for speed, ain't ya?

SARA
Harry, you alright?
(shrugs)
I'm just going to a doctor. I don't know from croaker, making--

HARRY
What does he give ya ma? Eh? Does he give ya pills?

SARA
Of course he gives me pills. He's a doctor. Doctors give pills.

HARRY
What kind of pills?

SARA
What kind? A purple one, red one, orange and--

HARRY
No, no I mean what kind?

SARA
They're round...and flat.

HARRY
(rolls eyes)
I mean, like what's in them?

SARA
Harry, I'm Sara Goldfarb, not Albert Einstein. How should I know what's in them?

HARRY
Look ma, does that stuff make you feel good sort of and give you lots of pep.

SARA
(nods)
Well, I guess maybe a little.

HARRY
A little? Jesus, I can hear ya grinding ya teeth from here.

SARA
But that goes away at night.

HARRY
At night?

SARA
When I take the green one. In thirty minutes I'm asleep. Poof, just like that.

Harry shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

HARRY
Hey ma, ya gotta cut that stuff loose. It's no good.

SARA
Who said it's no good. Twenty five pounds I lost.

HARRY
Big deal. Do ya wanta be a dope fiend fa krists sake?

SARA
What's this dope fiend? Am I foaming at the mouth? He's a nice doctor.

HARRY
Ma, I'm telling ya this croaker's no good.

SARA
How come you know so much? How come you know more about medicine than a doctor?

HARRY
(deep sigh)
I know ma, believe me I know. You'll get strung out fa krists sake.

SARA
Strung, schmung. I almost fit in my red dress, the one I wore at your Bar Mitzvah. The one your father liked so much. I remember how he looked at me in the red dress. It's not long after that he got sick and died and you're without a father my poor boobala, but thank God he saw you Bar Mitzvahed and--

HARRY
What's with the red dress? What does that--

SARA
I'm going to wear the red dress on... Oh, you don't know. I'm going to be on television. I got a call and a application and--

HARRY
C'mon ma, whose pullin' ya leg?

SARA
Leg, schmeg. I'm telling you I'm being a contestant on television. They haven't told me when, but you'll see, you'll be proud when you see your mother in her red dress and golden shoes on television.

HARRY
What's the big deal about being on television? Those pills'll kill ya before ya ever get on fa krists sake.

SARA
Big deal? You drove up in a cab. You see who had the sun seat? You notice your mother in the special spot getting the sun? You know who everybody talks to? You know who's somebody now? Who's no longer just a widow in a little apartment who lives alone? I'm somebody now, Harry. Everyone likes me. Soon millions of people will see me and like me. I'll tell them about you and your father. I'll tell them how your father liked the red dress and the big party he made for your Bar Mitzvah. Remember?

Harry nods. Defeated he stares at the floor.

SARA
And who knows what I might win? A new refrigerator. A Rolls-Royce maybe. Robert Redford.

HARRY
Robert Redford?

SARA
So what's wrong with Robert Redford?

Harry blinks and shakes his head. Bewildered he surrenders to her flow.

Sara looks at her entire family and a softness overtakes her.

SARA
It's not the prizes, Harry. It doesn't make any difference if I win or lose or if I just shake hands with Tappy Tibbons. It's like a reason to get up in the morning. It's a reason to lose weight so I can be healthy. It's a reason to fit in the red dress. It's a reason to smile already. It makes tomorrow alright.
(close to Harry, now)
What have I got, Harry? Why should I even make the bed or wash the dishes? I do them, but why should I? I'm alone.. Seymour's gone, you're gone, I have no one to take care of. Anybody. Everybody. What do I have? I'm lonely Harry. I'm old.

Harry fidgets, his eyes blink, he tries:

HARRY
You got friends, ma. . What--

SARA
It's not the same. You need someone to make for. No Harry, I like how I feel this way. I like thinking about the red dress and the television ... and your father and you. Now when I get the sun I smile.

HARRY
I'll come visit ma. Now that I'm straight, my business is going good, I'll come. Me and Marion. Honest ma. I swear. We'll come for dinner. Soon.

Sara shakes her head and smiles at Harry, trying hard to believe.

SARA
Good, you bring her and I'll make your favorite borscht and stuffed fish.

HARRY
That sounds great, ma. I'll give ya a call ahead a time, okay?

SARA
(nods)
Good. I'm glad. I'm glad you got a nice girl and a good business. I'm glad.

Sara gets up and hugs Harry, tears welling in her eyes.

SARA
Your father and I were always wanting only the very best for you. I'm glad Harry that you have someone to be with. You should be healthy and happy. And have lots of babies. Don't have only one. It's no good. Have lots of babies. They'll make you happy.

Harry does the best to hug his mother. He fights his desperation to get away and holds onto her.

Eventually, Sara backs away and looks into his face smiling.

SARA
Look, I'm crying already. I'm so happy I'm crying.

HARRY
(forces smile)
I'm glad you're happy ma. I really love ya. An' I'm sorry--

Sara waves his apologies away -- tosh, tosh.

HARRY
I really am. But I'm goin' ta make it up now. You should just be happy.

SARA
Don't worry about me. I'm used to being alone.

A long silent beat as child and parent smile at each other. Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY
I got to go ma. I have an appointment downtown in a couple a minutes. But I'll be back.

SARA
Good. I'll make for you. You still have your key?

HARRY
(shows her)
Yeah, I got it ma. I'd better hurry. I'm late now.

SARA
Goodbye son.

One more kiss and hug and Harry is gone. Sara stares at the door for many long moments.

Then, she takes her orange pill--

70A POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP--AND WASHES IT DOWN WITH A FRESH CUP OF COFFEE. 70A

CUT TO:

71 INT. MOVING CAB 71

Harry sits in the backseat filled with worry and concern. Tears well up into his eyes until he can't hold it any longer. He sobs, hard real hard.

A moment later he collects himself and gets high:

71A FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 71A

71B HARRY WIPES AWAY HIS TEARS. 71B

CUT TO:

72 INT. SARA'S BEDROOM 72

Sara zips up the red dress. It closes.

She swings around gloriously and her locked-jaw smiles at herself in the mirror. Eyes glow.

And she begins to Waltz by herself. Humming...

HARD CUT TO:

BLACK

ON THE SCREEN IN WHITE LETTERS: "FALL"

CUT TO:

73 INT. BRODY'S LIMO 73

Tyrone steps into a white limo with leopard skin upholstery.

He exchanges fives with, BRODY (late-20's, bespectacled, highly-intelligent looking) and his two HENCHMEN.

Brody doesn't speak. He signs to HENCHMAN #1.

HENCHMAN
Brody say, you coming up quick, kid.

TYRONE
Thanks, Brody.

The Henchman signs back. Then, Brody responds.

HENCHMAN
You ready to meet the Stromoni brothers?

TYRONE
Yeah, sure.

HENCHMAN
Brody say, you fuck him, I'll kill you.

TYRONE
I wouldn't do that, jim.

Just then, Tyrone notices the driver's door is open. Tyrone points.

TYRONE
Where's the--

Brody spins just when a WHITE GUNMAN leans in through the driver's door with a 9mm Glock--

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three bullets rip through Brody's body. Blood and guts splatter Tyrone and Brody's dead body collapses into his lap.

The Henchmen pull out their pieces and return fire. One Henchman gets splattered. The other kills the white man.

Tyrone slips and scrambles out of the Limo. The white gunman lays dead in the street.

Tyrone runs! Frantic, with blood all over him, he runs hyperventilating with panic until two cops give chase. SIRENS and lights.

They catch him and slam him against the wall. CUFF wrist one, CUFF wrist two.

CUT TO:

74 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 74

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP...

74A SARA'S LIVING ROOM IS DOMINATED BY A GIGANTIC, TOWERING, BLACK TV. THE OMINOUS HULK OF TECHNOLOGY STARES DOWN ON SARA WHO SITS IN HER LAZY CHAIR STARING AT THE SET'S COLD, DARK SCREEN. 74A

Something is wrong.

74B SOME COFFEE: TINKLE, PERK, DRIP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP... 74B

74C NOTHING. SO ONE MORE: 74C

74D POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 74D

CUT TO:

75 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 75

FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH...

75A CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 75A

75B HARRY AND MARION LEAN AGAINST EACH OTHER ON THE FLOOR. THEY STARE UP AT THE CEILING. THE SKETCHES OF THEIR STORE LIE AROUND THEM. 75B

MARION
Oh Harry, I love you. You make me feel like a person, like I'm me and I'm beautiful.

HARRY
You are beautiful. You're the most beautiful woman in the world. You're my dream.

CUT TO:

76 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 76

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP...

76A SARA STILL SITS. SHE FEELS NOTHING. 76A

76B COFFEE: TINKLE, PERK, DRIP, SLURP, SLURP, SLURP... 76B

76A STILL NOTHING. 76A

She picks up the bottles of pills from Dr. Pill and examines the labels.

She looks real close.

Then, she calls Dr. Pill.

SKINNY NURSE (O.S.)
Doctor's office?

SARA
Hello this is Mrs. Goldfarb--

SKINNY NURSE (O.S.)
No, Mrs. Goldfarb, I'm absolutely certain. I've checked again.

SARA
Are you sure you didn't give me the wrong pills?

SKINNY NURSE (O.S.)
No.

SARA
But maybe you gave me a smaller one the last time.

SKINNY NURSE (O.S.)
That isn't possible Mrs. Goldfarb. You see they are all the same potency. The change is in the color. All the purple are the same strength, all the red, etc.

SARA
But something isn't the same.

SKINNY NURSE (O.S.)
You're just becoming adjusted to them. At first you get a strong reaction, but after awhile that wears off and you just don't feel like eating. It's nothing to worry about Mrs. Goldfarb.

CLICK. Sara stares at the phone and slowly hangs it up.

She drops two pills in her hand. She stares at both pills -- shrugs and pops them:

76C POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 76C

Then, a small grin invades her face. Something's happening.

She flips on the TV to Tappy:

TAPPY TIBBONS
Now let's meet our next contestant. Mrs. Sara Goldfarb.

And there she is! Red, red, red. Sara smiles at Red Sara. Red Sara Waltzes on TV. The audience loves her.

But back in the real world, the fridge SHUDDERS. Sara stares at it, concerned.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HOLDING TANK -- DAY 77

Tyrone, terrified, holds onto the bars for dear life. Junkies and winos that seem more like ghosts and giant rats taunt him. Until:

GUARD (O.S.)
LOVE ... LOVE, TYRONE C. 735. Get your shit together and come on.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. CONEY ISLAND STREET -- MOVING 78

Harry and Tyrone rap as they scam the streets searching for a connection. They eye other junkies suspiciously.

TYRONE
How much?

HARRY
They got most of our cash. You're up for dealin' and resistin'.

TYRONE
Sheeit.

HARRY
Angel says it's a war between the Italians and the blacks. He says the Italians are keeping all the shit down in Florida until guys like Brody are all knocked off.

TYRONE
Sheeit.

HARRY
No one's got a thing.

TYRONE
Except Big Tim.

HARRY
Who?

TYRONE
He's holdin' a nice taste.

HARRY
How much?

TYRONE
Some say a piece, others a truckload.

HARRY
Shit. Let's go see him.

TYRONE
He's holdin', but he's not sellin'. He's only given up for pussy.

HARRY
What?

TYRONE
The only habit that mutha' fuck have is pussy. He hooked on that thang. Ah
(MORE)

TYRONE (cont'd)
toldim' ah giveim all he want, but he say ahm not pretty enough forim.

Just then, a white van screeches to a halt at the corner in front of them. The side door slides open. Two WHITE GUYS toss a dead BLACK GUY into a corner, city garbage can.

The van screeches off. The black guy's sneakers poke up out of the can.

Harry and Tyrone turn around and quickly exit the scene.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 79

MARION
Well, why don't we just stop using?

Harry, Tyrone and Marion stare at each other for a moment, the implication of Marion's question slowly, through much resistance, sinking in and registering.

HARRY
Yeah, I guess we'd better.

CUT TO:

80 INT. MAILBOX 80

Still nothing.

CUT TO:

81 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 81

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP...

81A SARA STARTS TO CIRCLE AROUND THE LAZY CHAIR. TIGHTER AND TIGHTER CIRCLES. 81A

CUT TO:

82 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 82

We pan the apartment and see Harry, Tyrone and Marion trying to do something, anything but nothing. But everything is real slow and every moment is real painful.

The kitchen clock is almost moving backwards. We see their eyes. Their sweating lips. Their twitching fingers.

CUT TO:

83 INT. MAILBOX 83

Nope.

CUT TO:

84 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 84

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP -- and again --

84A POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP... 84A

84B SARA STOPS PACING. OUT OF BREATH, SHE TOWERS OVER THE PHONE SHE DIALS '411.' HER MOUTH RACES AFTER HER SPEED DRENCHED MIND. 84B

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR
Welcome to Bell Atlantic. Number please?

SARA
C.C.I. Industries. Manhattan.

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR
Please hold for your number.

Suddenly, the fridge SHUDDERS. Sara jumps.

CUT BACK TO:

85 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 85

Finally Marion stands up:

MARION
It's three already. We're making a big deal out of nothing.

TYRONE
(a bit too willing)
Yeah, we can stop using. We proved it. Right now.

MARION
Harry, it's stupid to panic and think the world's coming to an end just cause we can't score any solid weight.

HARRY
O.K. fine.

85A FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 85A

And:

85B CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 85B

And then again:

85C FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 85C

CUT TO:

86 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 86

Harry and Marion twist and turn in their bed. The sheets are covered in sweat.

Finally, Marion bolts up in bed gasping for breath. Harry turns on the light.

HARRY
You alright?

MARION
(nods)
Must have had a bad dream, I guess.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MARION'S KITCHEN 87

Harry fills a glass of water. He notices that the spot where he normally shoots up in his inner arm is sore and red.

CUT BACK TO:

88 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 88

Marion is still panting when Harry returns with a glass of water.

MARION
Maybe we should dip in now.

HARRY
It's all we have.

MARION
Tyrone will score in the morning.

HARRY
It's a bitch out there.

MARION
It'll be fine sweetheart, I just know it will.

A long beat.

HARRY
Yeah, I guess. I'll get the stuff.

MARION
I love you Harry.

Relief. For now.

88A CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 88A

CUT TO:

89 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 89

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP.

89A SARA DOWNS A CUP OF COFFEE AND GOES TO THE PHONE. 89A

Out of the corner of her eye she watches the fridge. She dials a number.

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR
Welcome to C.C.I. If you know your party's extension please enter it now. For the directory please press four, one, one.

Sara presses 411.

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR
Please enter the last name of the person you are trying to reach.

SARA
Russel. Lyle Russel.

Sara starts to press some numbers.

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR
We're sorry, there's no one in the directory with that name. Please wait for an operator.

A moment later an operator answers.

WOMAN ON PHONE
C.C.I.

SARA
Lyle Russel.

WOMAN ON PHONE
I'm sorry, but I don't have his name listed on my directory.

SARA
The television.

WOMAN ON PHONE
What television?

SARA
I don't know. I want to find out.

WOMAN ON PHONE
Hold on a second.

Then, a loud SHUDDER! The fridge is vibrating. Sara doesn't know what to do.

ANOTHER WOMAN ON PHONE
Can I help you?

SARA
I want to speak to Lyle Russel.

ANOTHER WOMAN ON PHONE
Who's that?

SARA
He called me and said I was going to be on a show and--

ANOTHER WOMAN ON PHONE
Just a minute. I'll connect you with the programs department.

Sara waits as the phone rings and rings and the fridge continue to vibrate unnaturally.

THIRD WOMAN ON PHONE
Can I help you.

SARA
I want Lyle Russel.

THIRD WOMAN ON PHONE
Lyle Russel? Are you sure you have the right number?

SARA
He's putting me on a show.

THIRD WOMAN ON PHONE
A show? What show?

Still on the phone, Sara slowly walks over to the fridge.

THIRD WOMAN ON PHONE
I'm afraid I don't understand. If you can't tell me--

SARA
He called me and said I'm going to be on TV and he sent me papers. I sent them back a long time already and I still don't know when--

THIRD WOMAN ON PHONE
Oh, I understand. Just a moment.

Some more clicks. Sara can barely stand. As she gets to the fridge, it slowly stops vibrating. Sweat is building.

FOURTH WOMAN ON PHONE
Can I help you?

Carefully, Sara examines the fridge. She's having a hard time talking.

FOURTH WOMAN ON PHONE
Hello?

SARA
Lyle Russel.

FOURTH WOMAN ON PHONE
Who?

SARA
Lyle Russel?

FOURTH WOMAN ON PHONE
Are you sure you have the right department?

And then, suddenly, the entire fridge QUAKES violently! Sara drops the phone and runs to her bedroom. On the phone:

FOURTH WOMAN ON PHONE
Hello? Hello?

CUT TO:

90 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT -- LATE MORNING 90

Marion expectantly watches Harry on the phone. Harry hangs up.

MARION
Well?

HARRY
Tyrone hasn't found anything.

MARION
Nothing?

HARRY
Nothing.

MARION
What are we going to do?

HARRY
I don't know.

MARION
Well you have to do something. It's your fault we don't have a morning shot.

HARRY
What are you talking about?

MARION
You were all hot in the biscuit to get off last night.

HARRY
That's all bullshit.

MARION
You didn't have to and we could have had something now.

HARRY
Whatta am I gonta do? Just sit and watch you push-off and not go myself?

MARION
Then just don't put all the weight on me, thats all. And leave me alone.

Pissed beat.

HARRY
I'm gonna go meet Ty.

CUT TO:

91 INT. TYRONE'S CLOSET 91

Harry and Tyrone open the shoe box. They grab the last cash in it.

HARRY
Don't worry. We'll fill it up again man. Things'll get better soon then we'll be puttin' the bread back in the box.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT 92

Harry and Tyrone wait by a payphone on an abandoned street corner.

TYRONE
Ahm glad ah doan't have no one laying that kind of heavy motha' shit on me jim. You honkys are too much with that guilt shit.

HARRY
Krist, you ain't kiddin' man. I sometimes think we'd be better without moms.

TYRONE
Ah doan' know man. Mah moms died when ah was eight, but I remember she was one groovy woman. She have seven kids jim an she was all big like an' all the time singin' and smilin'. She have a big chest like this and she used to cuddle me jim an' ah remember how good it felt in there an' how sweet she smell. You know, she sing an' it make you feel good all ovuh, jus' like dope.

Small laugh in the freezing cold. Then, a SNOT-FACED DEALER rounds the corner and nods to Tyrone.

93 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 93

The phone RINGS! Sara sticks her head out of the bedroom.

She looks at the fridge. It's quiet and still. She sneaks to the Lazy chair and FLIPS on the TV.

Then, she answers the phone.

HARRY (O.S.)
Hey ma. How ya doing?

SARA
(scared)
Oh, Harry.

HARRY (O.S.)
I wanted to say hello, and that I'll visit soon.

Suddenly, the fridge HOPS making a smashing noise. Sara sinks into her chair. Sara lets out a small scream.

HARRY (O.S.)
Ma? You--

SARA
Can you come now? For a little while?

HARRY (O.S.)
Ma, I'm tied up. I got a lot of irons in the fire and I have ta be around to take care of 'em.

The fridge HOPS again.

SARA
(at fridge)
Stop it!
(to Harry)
Not even a little visit? Please Harry. Come over.

HARRY (O.S.)
Hey ma will you lighten up and stop playin' those guilt games with my head?

The fridge shakes and quivers like it's laughing.

SARA
Please Harry...

CUT TO:

94 EXT. CITY STREETS -- SAME 94

Harry takes a deep breath into the phone. Tyrone rounds the corner smiling.

HARRY
(into phone)
Look ma, I don't want to hassle you, okay? I love ya and I'll see you soon. Take care.

SARA (O.S.)
Harry, it's all confusing and--

Harry hangs up and the two of them rush off.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK -- NIGHT 95

FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH...

95A 95A

TYRONE
So you want to hear the news?

HARRY
What news?

TYRONE
The good news and the bad news.

HARRY
Shoot.

TYRONE
The good news is that in a couple of days they'll be prime on the streets.

HARRY
(psyched)
Really!
(suspicious)
Who told you?

TYRONE
Angel says the Stromonis have sent word to let go a couple a keys for the Christmas season, he being a good Christian an' not wantin' anybody to be wantin' during this glorious season.

HARRY
You believe it?

TYRONE
I didn't until I heard the bad news.

HARRY
Yeah...

TYRONE
The price is doubled and you have to cop for weight, at least half a piece.

HARRY
How much?

TYRONE
A grand.

HARRY
Fuckin' insane!

TYRONE
What you gonna do? The man ain't goin' to lay no nickel bag on you, thas foe damn sure.

HARRY
Where we gonna get a grand?

CUT TO:

96 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 96

Marion can't believe what Harry just suggested.

MARION
You mean Arnold?

HARRY
Yeah.

MARION
I haven't seen him in months.

HARRY
So what? He's still callin', ain't he?

MARION
Yes, but I don't know.

Marion stares into Harry's eyes -- pleading.

HARRY
Look, I don't know what else to do. This is our last chance to get back on track. We won't have ta scuffle and make that freezing scene every day. We need the bread.

MARION
Getting the bread is not the problem, Harry--

HARRY
Then what's the problem fa krists sake?

MARION
I just don't know what I'll have to do to get it.

Harry gets it. Marion gets it. But for Harry, this is too important. He gets down and holds her hand:

HARRY
Look baby, this is our last chance to get back on track. We'll be back in bizness in no time. We'll start moving again and we'll start saving again. It'll happen Marion.

Marion looks into him. Then, she gives him a gentle nod.

CUT TO:

97 INT. DOCTOR PILL'S EXAMINING ROOM 97

Dr. Pill smiles while Sara looks around wild eyed.

DOCTOR PILL
What seems to be the problem? The weight is doing fine.

SARA
The weight is fine. I'm not so good. The refrigerator-- .

Suddenly, she looks around terrified.

DOCTOR PILL
Something wrong?

SARA
Things are all mixed up. Confused like--

DOCTOR PILL
Well, that's nothing to worry about.

He scribbles out a prescription.

DOCTOR PILL
Just give this to the nurse and make an appointment for a week.

Now, Sara is alone staring at the paper. TIGHT ON paper. It reads: "VALIUM."

CUT TO:

98 INT. RAOUL'S CAFE -- NIGHT 98

A dimly lit cafe. Marion wears lots of make-up and a long sleeve blouse.

Arnold is worried.

MARION
No, no, I've just had the flu forever it seems like.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
Are you depressed?

MARION
No, it's nothing like that. Just been very busy. I've been designing non stop.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
That's wonderful, I'm glad to hear you've been productive.

He smiles and touches her hand.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
To be perfectly straight, I was surprised to hear from you. Is something wrong?

MARION
No, why?

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
That's usually the case when someone calls whom you haven't heard from for a while.

MARION
No, everything's fine, but I do have a favor to ask.

He smiles and leans back into his chair.

98A HIS SMUGNESS BOTHERS HER SO SHE GRABS HER FOLK AND STABS IT INTO THE BACK OF HIS HAND. BLOOD SPURTS OUT AND SHE SCREAMS: 98A

MARION
YOU SMUG SONOFABITCH!

98 A MOMENT LATER, EVERYTHING IS BACK TO NORMAL. MARION WAS FANTASIZING. 98

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
(grin)
What is it?

MARION
I need to borrow a grand.

CUT TO:

99 INT. ARNOLD THE SHRINK'S MANHATTAN CRASH PAD 99

In the bedroom, Marion slowly takes off her clothes. She's dying and almost crying.

Arnold, big smile, big erection (for him), watches her.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
May I ask why?

MARION
Could you turn off the light?

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
Why do you want the light off?

MARION
I just do.

ARNOLD THE SHRINK
You never did before.

MARION
Please, Arnold.

Shrugging, he remote controls off the light. Arnold creeps up behind her and starts planting kisses on her.

Very gently, she begins to cry.

CUT TO:

100 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 100

Harry scratches some vinyl. He takes the L.P. and frisbees it into the wall. It SHATTERS!

Then, he collapses onto Marion's couch PICKS-UP the remote and FLIPS on the set. He tries to watch but he keeps looking at the clock.

Then, he hears the sounds of sex. He looks up on the TV and sees Marion fucking some DUDE WITH A HAIRY BACK.

The image haunts him until:

100A FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH... 100A

100B THEN, THE IMAGE ON THE SET SLOWLY STARTS TO DISSOLVE BACK TO 100B TAPPY TIBBONS.

Harry, a bit more comfortable, reclines on the couch and nods.

CUT TO:

101 INT. ARNOLD THE SHRINK'S MANHATTAN CRASH PAD HALLWAY 101

At the front door, Arnold, wrapped in a sheet, hands Marion some money. She leaves and he quickly locks the door.

Down the hallwat and into--

101A THE ELEVATOR 101A

--as anger, disgust and who knows what else billows up inside her. Her eyes begin to tear. Then--

101B ON THE STREET 101B

--she leans against the building and vomits.

CUT TO:

102 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 102

Marion crawls out of her winter clothes and joins Harry on the couch.

They sit on either side of the couch not looking at each other.

102A THEN: CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 102A

102B THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, NOW. A LONG STARE. THEN, A GENTLE 102B
KISS. AND FINALLY, A LONG HUG.

MARION
Spin me some music, Harry. Please...

CUT TO:

103 INT. TYRONE'S NEW PAD 103

Tyrone, in his bikini underwear, stares at a picture of his mom.

Alice is gone.

He looks at the window. It's nighttime and it's sleeting.

TYRONE
Sheeit.

Tyrone starts to get dressed.

CUT TO:

104 INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY 104

POP, GULP, HIT, SNAP...

104A SARA PUTS ON SOME MAKE-UP. HER HAND IS NOT STEADY AND HER 104A
WORK IS FAR FROM PERFECT. THE LIPSTICK IS LOPSIDED. THE
MASCARA IS CAKED ON ONE SET OF EYELASHES.

In the red dress, with very little energy she spins in front of the mirror.

She starts a dumpy version of a Waltz. Very slowly. Her eyes are sunken and dark ringed. Flesh hangs from her upper arms and neck.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT SOUTH BROOKLYN -- NIGHT 105

Harry and Tyrone stand beneath the elevated highway staring at the check point.

Thirty junkies are trying to get through a barricade manned by five men in ski masks brandishing sparkling machine guns.

TYRONE
You dig the action man.

HARRY
Yeah, I feel like I'm dreamin'.

TYRONE
I watch your back, you watch mine.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. THE CHECKPOINT -- A LITTLE LATER 106

Harry and Tyrone squeeze their way up to the barricade. Each junkie is being escorted through a metal detector.

White HEAVIES are frisking junky after junky.

HEAVY
No pieces, no pieces.

TYRONE
(to Harry)
Watch your pockets.

CUT TO:

107 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 107

Marion impatiently circles the apartment. She's very anxious. Phone sex ads play on the TV in the background.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. THE COBBLESTONE STREET -- LATER 108

The narrow street is framed by two towering turn of the century warehouses.

Ten white armed men are spread out along the loading docks watching the junkies in the street beneath them.

Garbage cans filled with flames supply the little light and heat.

Harry and Tyrone are near the front of a looong line of junkies.

Harry looks one way and then he looks the other. Junkies reach from corner to corner.

HARRY
Everyone and their mother.

Just then, a light from the sky. Now, a helicopter zooms overhead.

It lands in the middle of the street on the far corner.

Four men run out. Three wear all black and carry guns. The fourth wears a white-fox fur coat and carries two large steel suitcases.

They approach the front of the line and set-up a table and chairs. The man in the fur coat sits down behind the desk.

Business begins. Harry smiles at Ty. Ty smiles back.

CUT TO:

109 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 109

Marion, still circling, starts searching the apartment. She rips open her bureau, flips through clothes, and unknowingly tosses her sketches of the store.

They slowly drift to the floor.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. THE COBBLESTONE STREET -- LATER 110

Harry and Tyrone freeze their asses off as they wait. Two junkies are ahead of them, when suddenly, one of them pulls out a gun.

Men in ski masks leap on the junkie but not before the gun fires--

BANG!

Suddenly, it's mayhem. The guards start firing madly into the crowd.

Junkies are going down left and right.

Harry and Tyrone dive for the cobblestone shivering. The Man in the fur coat rushes with the suitcases to the helicopter.

HARRY
No. No!

Harry watches the helicopter take off. Tyrone, seeing an opening, grabs Harry and they run.

CUT TO:

111 INT. TYRONE'S OLD DIVE PAD 111

Tyrone puffs on a cigarette while Harry paces.

HARRY
Stupid fucking junkie. Fucked. We are fucked. That's the last shit for miles.

TYRONE
Muthafuckas going back to Florida, sitting their asses in sun while we're up here ass deep in snow.

HARRY
Damn it. What are we gonna do now?
(then an idea:)
Hey. What would happen if we went down there to cop?

TYRONE
Now you're talking -- sunny F.L.

HARRY
Yeah. Everybody's up here scufflin' to stay alive and gettin' ripped off or knocked off, and nobody's thought about goin' right to the fuckin' source.

TYRONE
You're serious?

HARRY
Why not?

TYRONE
What the fuck you talkin' about? Goin' up to the mutha fuckin' room clerk at some hotel an' askin' for a connection?

HARRY
Comeon Ty, get with it eh? You tellin' me you can't nose out some dope when it's around?

TYRONE
You are serious. Thas here man. The Apple's mah neighborhood. What the fuck ah know about Miami? Them mutha fuckin' Italians ain't sittin' aroun' jus' waitin' for me to show up jim.

HARRY
Dope smells the same there as it does here.

TYRONE
Yeah, but it's a long ass walk man.

HARRY
Not if you're drivin'. Look man, it's colder than hell and those streets are hottern a bitch. After tonight ... shit. Guys are gettin' knocked off like they're givin' away season tickets for every dead fiend.

TYRONE
That's no lie jim.

HARRY
Man, we got nothin' to lose, and we got to do it now while we still have a few bucks.

TYRONE
If it's such a good idea why ain't somebody else thought of it?

HARRY
Because they're assholes. And that's just it. Nobody else has thought of it. It's wide open and if we get there before anyone else we can name our own price and sit back an' be cool and have those fools scufflin' the streets for us.

TYRONE
Las' summer was a ball jim ... seems like a thousan' years since las' summer. Sheeit.

HARRY
It'll be back like that, but only better. This is the kindda setup you dream about.

TYRONE
(starts to give in:)
You know, Angel can probably get us a short if we promise him some dynamite scag.

HARRY
You think?

TYRONE
(gives in)
That muthafucka' can dig up anything, even the daid.

CUT TO:

112 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 112

Sara peeks her head into the living room, all the shades and curtains are drawn. She quietly tip toes to the window and peeks out through the side of the shade.

Then, she tip toes over to the front door. Very carefully, she removes the tape over the peep hole. The hallway is empty. She re-tapes the peep hole.

Suddenly, the fridge LURCHES at her. It slides a good foot towards her. She jumps and runs to her viewing chair.

CUT TO:

113 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 113

Marion charges into the bathroom and rips through the medicine cabinet searching for something anything.

She sinks to the floor and starts to sob. Just then, Harry walks in on her on the floor.

HARRY
Hey baby! Wait till--

MARION
(gets up, screams:)
Where have you been? I've been waiting all day--

HARRY
Where the hell ya--

MARION
Where's the score?

HARRY
Well we had--

MARION
What!? What happened!?

HARRY
Some dumb ass junkie--

MARION
How could you fuck it up?

HARRY
Don't worry. Me and Ty got this plan--

MARION
Plan!? I fucked that sleazebag so that you can have a plan?

HARRY
No it'll--

MARION
You loser! You goddamn loser! I can't believe I'm wasting my time with you when I could be--

HARRY
What? Having some other poor fool scoring for your whore ass.

MARION
You bastard. I want something here in the morning. I want something now, do
(MORE)

MARION (cont'd)
you hear me? DO YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU HEAR ME?

Marion grabs Harry by the coat and shakes him.

MARION
I'm not going to bed until there's a morning shot, I can't stand it, I can't stand being sick and waiting--

Harry grabs her back.

HARRY
Ya think I'm playin' fuckin' games for krists sake. You want to be sure we have some extra stuff. Where's the fucking phone?

Harry pushes Marion away. Then, he calls Tyrone. He grabs the picture of him and Marion in front of the store.

HARRY
We were hipped to a dude that's holding some weight, but he ain't sellin'.

TYRONE (O.S.)
Yeah.

HARRY
Give me that guy's number. The guy who likes broads.

TYRONE (O.S.)
Big Tim? What for?

HARRY
Just give me the number for krists sake.

TYRONE (O.S.)
O.K. O.K. 721...

HARRY
You worried so goddamn much...

Harry hangs up on Ty and hands Marion the number on the back of the photo.

HARRY
Here, go fix yourself up withim. You won't have to wait so long, and I won't have ta freeze my ass off in the fuckin' streets.

MARION
Fuck you.

HARRY
No fuck you!

Harry charges out of the apartment. Marion stares after him. We float out of focus.

CUT TO:

114 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT 114

POP, HIT, GULP, SNAP.

114A THE FRIDGE LURCHES ANOTHER FOOT TOWARDS HER. 114A

She grabs the giant remote and FLIPS on the TV. On the set is Tappy Tibbons:

TAPPY TIBBONS
Well our next contestant is going to really win your heart. She's a beautiful woman with a winning sense of humor and a magical smile. Straight from Brighton Beach New York please welcome Mrs. Sara Goldfarb.

RED SARA
Thank you. Thank you. Oh Mr. Tibbons it's--

TAPPY TIBBONS
Tappy, please.

The fridge LURCHES again! She tries to ignore it. Watch TV:

RED SARA
OK, Tappy. It's a pleasure to be here.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Well it's a pleasure to have you. And that is once gorgeous outfit you have.

RED SARA
Oh thank you Tappy. I just want to say hello to my husband Seymour and my beautiful successful son Harold. Hello Harold. I hope you're happy. I hope you're in love. Please come and see me and bring Marion won't you?

The fridge SLIDES closer. She fights not to look.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Hah, hah. I'm sure he'll be here soon. It's time to start now, are you ready?

RED SARA
Oh yes. I'm ready, I'm ready.

TAPPY TIBBONS
After you...

Tappy motions towards the camera as the audience begins to applaud.

And then, Red Sara disappears. Sara hears something.

She looks to her right and sees Red Sara standing in her living room. Sara is shocked.

SARA
What are you doing?

Red Sara doesn't answer, she just huffs and humfs as she inspects the apartment.

SARA
Who are you? What do you want?

Red Sara continues to ignore her as she looks down her nose at the apartment. Then, Red Sara waves at Tappy Tibbons.

RED SARA
Tappy!

TAPPY TIBBONS
I thought you'd never ask.

Tappy disappears from the screen. And now, he too is with Red Sara in Sara's living room.

Sara sits in her chair dumbfounded. She starts to get more and more upset as Tappy and the Red Sara laugh at her furnishings and chatchkas.

SARA
What do you expect? I'm all alone. Could you do better? It's an old building. Ten years no painting, maybe more. I'm old. Alone. You don't understand. I'm trying. I'm trying. Please, please, I'll explain.

Sara looks at the TV and she sees herself in her viewing chair watching TV. A giant, fanatic audience surrounds her laughing at her.

The audience laughs and points.

Then, there's a giant C-R-A-C-K!!! as Sara's walls split apart. Suddenly she's on a television set. The studio audience is going bananas laughing at her.

Cameras and TV cables stretch across the floor.

Tappy and Red Sara start to Waltz around her Lazy chair. Various weirdos, freaks and girls in bikinis start a Cha-Cha line around her.

The fridge LEAPS towards her.

Confetti falls as Sara cries onto her wrinkled red dress.

She sinks to the floor as she folds up in pain. She crawls to the TV and begs:

SARA
Oh please ... please ... let me on the show ... please ... please ... any show ... please ...

The partying gets louder and louder. Red Sara is french kissing Tappy Tibbons in Sara's Lazy chair.

The fridge is only a few feet from her. It morphs into a giant mouth. It speaks:

REFRIGERATOR
Feed me. Feed me. Sara, feed me!

Sara SCREAMS and bolts out of her home leaving the front door to her abandoned apartment wide open.

HARD CUT TO:

BLACK

ON THE SCREEN IN WHITE LETTERS: "WINTER"

CUT TO:

115 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH AVENUE -- DAY 115

Sara manically marches down the street. The world shoots by her. A train ROARS by on the elevated tracks up above.

CUT TO:

116 INT. PONTIAC VENTURA CROSSING VERRAZANO'S BRIDGE -- NIGHT 116

Harry and Tyrone ride in a beat up 1972 Pontiac Ventura 2. Harry drives.

TIGHT ON the car tuner. Tyrone spins the dial. Hip Hop blasts on the radio.

Then, Tyrone turns on the heat.

HARRY
Thank you Angel.

TYRONE
Ah sure hope this mutha' works. Ah could use some heat.

Ty sparks a joint.

TYRONE
How long will it take?

HARRY
We'll make it in a day easy.

TYRONE
California here we come.

HARRY
It's Florida.

TYRONE
I know, jim. I just feel like breaking out into song.

Hands slap five. Harry cringes when Tyrone hits his hand.

CUT TO:

117 INT. D-TRAIN SUBWAY CAR -- MOVING 117

Sara sits on the subway. Her hair sticks to her wet face. She turns to the strangers across from her.

SARA
I'm going on the television. Today I'll find out when.

It's New York, of course she's ignored.

CUT TO:

118 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 118

Marion sobs into the phone.

MARION
Please, Angel, pleaaase!

CUT TO:

119 INT. C.C.I. INDUSTRIES -- RECEPTION AREA 119

A SECRETARY looks up -- startled. In front of her is Sara. Sara's hair and body is wet and she is wobbly.

The Secretary stares at Sara, not knowing what to do.

SARA
Why aren't you calling me. I have to know when I'm going to be on the television. I'm Sara Goldfarb and you
(MORE)

SARA (cont'd)
should tell me when I'm going to be on the television.

SECRETARY
Just sit for a moment. I'll ring them.

Sara wobbles to a chair. She's confused and disoriented. Some OFFICE WOMEN come out from inside the office and huddle around her. Some SECURITY GUARDS appear as well.

Sara tries to stand but she falls over and lands back in the chair.

The Women tell her to stay seated.

SARA
I need to know when maybe you lost my card, please dolly, you'll look and let--

OFFICE WOMAN
Get her a cup of soup. Tell Mary to call an ambulance. Just relax Mrs. Goldfarb, everything will--

SARA
(cries)
It's not the prizes. I'll give them away. To the poor, I just want to be on the show. I'm waiting so long to be on with my Harry and grandson--

The Secretary returns with a mug filled with soup.

SECRETARY
Here, Mrs. Goldfarb, sip this.

OFFICE WOMAN
Sometimes it takes awhile to get called for a show Mrs. Goldfarb.

CUT TO:

120 INT. PONTIAC VENTURA ON JERSEY TURNPIKE -- DAWN 120

Harry drives. TIGHT ON the tuner. The radio plays alternative rock. Tyrone leans back and stretches out.

TYRONE
Sheeit, the heater is just fine. I guess this ain't goin' to be such a bad trip.

HARRY
Yeah it's no big thing.

TYRONE
(checks odometer)
We's a couple a hundred miles closer to
(MORE)

TYRONE (cont'd)
Miami, jim. Let's stop at the next pit and take a taste.

HARRY
Yeah. Betta' drop a few dexies too and get some coffee.

TYRONE
Right on.

CUT TO:

121 INT. C.C.I. INDUSTRIES -- RECEPTION AREA 121

A crowd watches Sara babble. Two PARAMEDICS arrive.

PARAMEDIC
(to his partner)
Looks like shock.
(to Sara)
Can you walk?

SARA
I'm walking across the stage and you should see my Harold on the television. We're giving the prizes away. I just want to be on television.

PARAMEDIC
(to women)
Do you know her name?

OFFICE WOMAN #1
We think it's Sara Goldfarb.

SARA
The announcer is calling me Little Red Riding Hood, call Seymour and tell him to pick me up at the beauty parlor. I've got the red dress I wore at Harry's Bar Mitzvah and the gold shoes.

PARAMEDIC
(gently)
Okay Mrs. Goldfarb, let's just take it nice and easy. Here we go.

And the paramedics help poor Sara to her feet. They head to the elevator. Sympathy from the staring Office Women.

CUT TO:

122 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 122

Marion stares at BIG TIM's number. A moment later she picks up the phone and dials.

BIG TIM (O.S.)
Yeah?

Marion hangs up. A long beat. Then, she dials again.

BIG TIM (O.S.)
Yeah!?

MARION
(nervous)
Hi...

Big Tim let's go a big laugh.

CUT TO:

123 INT. AMBULANCE -- MOVING 123

Sara is strapped to a gurney. She mumbles to herself.

SARA
Oh Harry. I'm going to be on television.

CUT TO:

124 INT. PONTIAC VENTURA PARKED IN HO JO LOT 124

FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP, RUSH, SIGH...

124A TYRONE LEANS AGAINST THE DRIVER'S DOOR -- HIGH. 124A

Harry rolls up his sleeve. Right in the crotch of his arm is a nasty hole from shooting too much. It's infected and rings of red surround it.

TYRONE
Sheeit. How long you got that?

HARRY
A few days.

TYRONE
That don't look too good jim.

HARRY
It don't feel too good either. But a little stuff'll take care of that.

TYRONE
Don't shoot in there.

HARRY
I'll blow it if I don't. Fuck it.

124B FLICK, SIZZLE, SNAP, SUCK, SLAP -- <u>BREAK FROM THE MONTAGE</u>. 124B
FOR THE FIRST TIME WE SEE A

124C TIGHT CLOSE UP OF A NEEDLE GOING INTO THE HOLE, THEN WE END124C
THE MONTAGE -- RUSH, SIGH...

CUT TO:

125 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE 125

A security camera studies Marion as she waits at the front door. BUZZ! Marion pushes the door open and enters.

CUT TO:

126 INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL 126

Sara, on her gurney, is pushed through crowded corridors of a hospital. The noise and chaos around her reaches her through surreal muffled tones.

She's mumbling to herself -- dreaming of being on television. Then, she's slid into the emergency room.

Young, serious DOCTOR SPENCER shines a light into her eye. Sara tries to smile.

DOCTOR SPENCER
No emergency. Take her to psyche.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. BIG TIM'S APARTMENT 127

Big Tim's door opens wide, revealing an even wider BIG TIM.

Big Tim is big in every way. His body is big, his smile is big, his laugh is big and even his apartment is big.

BIG TIM
Come in.

He steps aside and Marion enters the huge Living Room with a grand view of Prospect Park.

Big Tim takes her coat.

BIG TIM
Have a seat. What would you like?

MARION
(meek)
Nothing.

BIG TIM
Oh, you strictly a dope fien'?

Marion is startled by Big Tim's comment. She recovers.

MARION
Oh maybe I'll have a little chartreuse.

BIG TIM
Yellow or green?

MARION
(surprised)
Oh, ahhh ... yellow.

Big Tim joins her with the drinks. He takes out a hash pipe and sparks it. Marion is offered the pipe and she takes a few pokes.

BIG TIM
What's your name?

MARION
Marion.

Big Tim's laugh is loud, deep and happy -- a presence of its own.

BIG TIM
What you know, Maid Marion. I'm Little John.

Big Tim pulls Marion into his chest. She lets him.

BIG TIM
You know what I like best about patty chicks?

Marion smiles as she relaxes into him.

BIG TIM
They give good head. Black broads don't know nothing about giving head. I don't know why. Might be it has something to do with some ancient tribal custom.

Big laugh from Big Tim. He pulls Marion up to him and kisses her. After a beat, she kisses back. Then, he backs off.

BIG TIM
Better save some of that energy.

She lays down on his stomach. Gently he turns her head around as he pulls out his penis.

She stares at Big Tim's joint knowing what she's supposed to do but not being able to do it. Her insides tremble and knot.

BIG TIM
I know it's purty baby, but I didn't take it out for air.

He nudges her and she grabs it and starts kissing it. Suddenly, she stops. She's going to be sick. Big Tim laughs his big laugh and points to the bathroom.

BIG TIM
That way.

CUT TO:

128 INT. BIG TIM'S BATHROOM 128

Marion finishes barfing. She washes her face and mouth in the sink. She looks up at herself. She's trembling.

She shuts her eyes and we cut to--

BLACK--

We hear Marion breathe deeply. She collects herself.

Into the black rushes streams of RED.

When she opens her eyes we are back in--

THE BATHROOM

Marion fixes her hair and smiles at herself.

CUT TO:

129 INT. BIG TIM'S LIVING ROOM 129

Big Tim laughs as Marion emerges from the bathroom.

MARION
Sorry. Must have been the chartreuse.

BIG TIM
Welcome back.

Marion's smile turns into an eager grin. He chuckles as she gets on her knees.

BIG TIM
Yeahhhh, little bo peep done foun' her sheep.

Big Tim laughs his big laugh as we--

CUT TO:

130 INT. PONTIAC VENTURA SOMEWHERE ON I-95 HEADING SOUTH 130

Tyrone drives while Harry squirms. His arm hurts like hell. TIGHT ON tuner. The radio plays Country and Western.

TYRONE
I told you to stay away from that arm man.

HARRY
I feel like shit. I gotta call Marion.

Tyrone watches the odometer change from 599 to 600.

TYRONE
Well it'll be long distance now. That's six hundred. We six hundred damn miles closer to Miami.

HARRY
Yeah. We're also six hundred miles away from New York.

Afraid now, Tyrone looks out the window. The landscape is foreign and strange -- almost alien.

CUT TO:

131 INT. BIG TIM'S BATHROOM 131

After sex, Big Tim leans up against the doorway, naked, watching Marion -- fully dressed now -- brush her hair.

BIG TIM
You know, you cut this shit loose and I can turn you out and make you some real bread baby.

MARION
(smiles)
Not today. And I'm not really hooked.

Big Tim laughs his big laugh and tosses her some bags.

BIG TIM
Yeah, I know. But remember, even my supply doesn't last forever.

Marion quickly grabs the dope and starts putting them in her purse.

BIG TIM
What the fuck you doing?

MARION
(startled)
Nothing, I'm...

BIG TIM
Damn!
(laughs)
Damn, I got me some kindda virgin. Now
(MORE)

BIG TIM (cont'd)
you gotta be kidding ol' Tim, you just got to be.

MARION
I don't kn--

BIG TIM
You mean you not going to count what's there but you just going to be puttin' it in your pocketbook and just walk out in the street? Damn! You sure haven't been around long baby.

MARION
(flushed)
I'm not exactly a naive school girl, I... I... I've been all through Europe an... an... and I'm just not--

BIG TIM
Sheeit, ain't nothing to be ashamed of baby, we all gotta get down with it for the first time. I ain't bad rappinya. I just don't want to see you get ripped off. Sheeit, you earned that baby and you sure as well don't want to donate it to some purse snatcher.

He laughs. Marion smiles.

BIG TIM
Lookit, there be one place you can stash ol' doogie without you worrying about it be accidently getting in the wrong hands, you dig? Ain't no purse snatcher or mugger going to rip you off there baby.

As Marion catches on she flushes and nods her head.

Big Tim laughs his big laugh as he wanders into the living room.

Then, Marion lifts up her skirt and does the deed.

CUT TO:

132 INT. PSYCHE WARD 132

Sara is strapped to a hospital bed. She sobs to herself.

The grey ward is packed with twice as many beds as there should be. Patients wander around in straight jackets. Screams of agony and pain barely reach her ears.

Doctor Spencer addresses Sara and tries to calm her.

DOCTOR SPENCER
Mrs. Goldfarb. Please try and answer me. When did you start taking the pills?

SARA
When? The summer... Oh this summer. I got a special place in the sun. Ada fixed my hair.

DOCTOR SPENCER
You started in the summer. Last summer? Okay Mrs. Goldfarb, everything will be alright we'll fix you up in no time.

SARA
(grins)
You're a good boy Harold.

And for a moment, Dr. Spencer is Harry -- golden smile and all.

CUT TO:

133 INT. MARION'S BATHROOM 133

Marion takes a bath. Her face is empty. Complete loss.

But then, she spots the packets on the sink.

133A CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 133A

And again:

133B CRINKLE, SPRINKLE, FLICK, DRIFT, SUCK, SIGH... 133B

133C SHE LOOKS AT THE EMPTY PACKETS ON THE FLOOR AND FLOATING IN THE TUB WITH HER. THIS MAKES HER LAUGH AND LAUGH. 133C

She dips her head beneath the water's surface.

CUT TO:

134 EXT. I-95 MAYBE GEORGIA 134

Tyrone still drives.

There's a preacher screaming gospel on the radio.

Harry squirms as he grabs his arm. He's wincing in pain.

HARRY
Man, I can't cut it. I gotta do something about this arm.

TYRONE
Let's see what it looks like.

Harry winces as he very carefully rolls up his sleeve.

The area around the hole is white and raised. Even worse, the area around the white is slightly green. Also, a wide, dark red streak reaches down his arm towards his hand.

They both stare at it for a moment.

HARRY
Oh man.

TYRONE
Sheeit, that be the ugliest mothafucka' I've ever seen.

HARRY
I gotta call Marion.

TYRONE
Let's find a hospital first.

CUT TO:

135 INT. PSYCHE WARD 135

A needle punctures Sara's arm. The Nurse wipes off the blood that spills out.

In a surreal moment, the world slows down. Real slow.

Sara's tongue sticks to the top of her mouth. She pries it off with a RATTLING SMACK in her brain. Her mouth is dry and small drops of foam form on the sides of her chapped lips.

CUT TO:

136 INT. SOUTHERN DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM 136

To try and disperse the pain, Harry marches around the examination room. The pain is excruciating.

A grey-haired SOUTHERN DOCTOR comes in.

SOUTHERN DOCTOR
What's the problem?

HARRY
My arm, it's killing me.

The doctor looks for a moment. Then, he grabs Harry's arm and looks at it. Harry winces in pain.

SOUTHERN DOCTOR
I'll be back in a minute.

The doctor leaves.

CUT TO:

137 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 137

Marion stares at the photo of her and Harry in front of the store. Then, she flips it over and looks at Big Tim's number. A moment later she picks it up and dials Big Tim.

BIG TIM (O.S.)
Yeah!?

MARION
(nervous)
Hi....

Big Tim let's go a big laugh.

CUT TO:

138 INT. PSYCHE WARD 138

Two MALE ATTENDANTS enter with a tray of food. They joke with each other and barely notice Sara.

They try to lift Sara up but she can't support herself.

Then, they try harder and they shove her into a sitting position. One of the attendants puts some food in her mouth. She tries to swallow, but her throat isn't working.

ATTENDANT
(slow motion)
S-w-a-l-l-o-w! S--w--a--l--l--o--w!

But the food just dribbles out the side. As they continue their conversation about the Jets, they grab her and force the food down her throat by holding her nose and keeping her mouth shut.

Her eyes blast open in terror. Her heart BEATS THUNDEROUSLY in her ears.

CUT TO:

139 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 139

Marion puts mascara on her left eye.

CUT TO:

140 INT. SOUTHERN DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM 140

Tyrone flips through an old copy of Fortune Magazine. He tries to ignore all the white folks gawking at him.

Then, he spots a pair of boots standing in front of him. Next, he spots the gun and baton.

Tyrone looks up into a towering HIGHWAY COP'S stern glare.

CUFF one wrist, CUFF the other.

CUT TO:

139A INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 139A

TIGHT ON Marion's right eye as she carefully applies mascara.

CUT TO:

141 INT. PSYCHE WARD 141

Dr. Spencer towers over Sara. He reads her chart and is concerned.

DOCTOR SPENCER
You have to eat Mrs. Goldfarb. If we're going to get you healthy again, you have to eat. Try to work with the attendants. I'm going to try some new medications. They should help us.

He pats her on the shoulder and walks away. Sara tries to call for him to make any noise, to plead to do anything. But she can't.

A moment later, the two male attendants come for her. They grab her and move her into a wheelchair. Restraints for her arms and legs are slapped on.

They grab a clear plastic tube. They cover it with lubricant. Then, they try to slide it into her nose.

Sara struggles until one attendant grabs her head and whacks it flat against a head rest.

ATTENDANT
OK miss, just relax. We're gonna try to help you to eat.

Pinned, they slide the tube into Sara's nose, down her throat and into her stomach.

Then, the feeding begins.

CUT TO:

142 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 142

TIGHT ON Marion's lips as she puts on lipstick. Marion smacks her lips together.

Marion in front of the full length mirror is dressed to the hilt. She makes last minute corrections to her outfit when the phone rings.

Nervous, she answers.

MARION
Hello?

CUT TO:

142/3 INT. SOUTHERN JAIL PAY PHONE AREA / MARION'S APARTMENT 142/3

Intercut:

Harry in pain is on the telephone / Marion sits by the phone.

HARRY
Marion.

MARION
Harry? Oh Harry.

HARRY
Oh Marion, I've been thinking about you. You're OK?

MARION
Yeah, yeah. I'm OK.

HARRY
You're holding out right?

MARION
Yeah, it's no problem.

HARRY
Oh Marion, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MARION
It's OK Harry.

Harry tries to be in control of the situation.

HARRY
Hold on Marion, I want you to hold on.

Marion doesn't know what to say.

MARION
I will Harry.

HARRY
Just wait for me. I'll be back in a few days. I'm gonna have a shipment. It's gonna be great.

MARION
I will Harry, I will.

HARRY
Marion, it's gonna work out. We're gonna get the store. I promise you. Please wait.

MARION
I will.

HARRY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MARION
I know Harry. I know.

HARRY
I love you Marion I love you.

MARION
I know Harry. I know.

HARRY
Wait for me.

MARION
I will.

143 cBY THE PAY PHONES 143 c

--Harry hangs up. His sobs turn into his pain. His pain turns into his misery.

142 cIN MARION'S APARTMENT 142 c

--Marion hangs up and wipes away her tears. She catches her image in the mirror and quickly finishes her mascara.

CUT TO:

144 INT. PSYCHE WARD HALLWAY 144

Sara is still strapped to the wheelchair. Dr. Spencer smiles at her.

DOCTOR SPENCER
Mrs. Goldfarb, are you alright?

Sara can't respond. She can only look. Dr. Spencer tries to be positive.

DOCTOR SPENCER
Mrs. Goldfarb, we've tried several medications and you don't seem to be responding. I believe we've come to a point where we need to try some
(MORE)

DOCTOR SPENCER (cont'd)
alternative methods. We've had excellent results with these techniques in the past. So if I can just get your John Hancock, we'll get underway.

Dr. Spencer hands Sara a pen. Somehow, she is able to sign.

CUT TO:

145 INT. HOLDING TANK 145

Harry is withdrawing in pain on his bunk. Tyrone is at the bars sweating and dying.

HARRY
Jesus krist. I need a doctor.

TYRONE
(through bars)
My friend needs a doctor. Please. He needs a doctor.

HARRY
I won't make it.

TYRONE
(to Harry)
Just hang tough baby. Just hang tough.

HARRY
Please! Please ma! Help me.

TYRONE
(through bars)
Help! Please!

HARRY
Please, maaaaaa!

CUT TO:

146 INT. PSYCHE WARD HALLWAY 146

Sara is quickly unstrapped from her wheelchair. She's lifted up and placed onto a gurney. Her head hangs lifeless. Then, she's strapped down.

CUT TO:

147 INT. BIG TIM'S LUSH PAD 147

TIGHT ON Marion's hand knocking on Big Tim's front door. TIGHT ON Big Tim's famous smile:

BIG TIM
Maid Marion. Welcome.

CUT TO:

148 INT. PSYCHE WARD HALLWAY 148

Sara is wheeled quickly through the halls of the asylum.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. HOLDING TANK 149

Tyrone tries to keep Harry in line with all the convicts but Harry can barely stand.

A COURT DOCTOR, followed by two GUARDS, moves from prisoner to prisoner.

Bored to death he looks into each prisoner's eyes with a mini-mag and says:

COURT DOCTOR
Can you hear me? Can you see me?

Each PRISONER responds:

PRISONER
Yes, sir.

The doctor checks a box on a piece of paper.

COURT DOCTOR
Okay for work.

The guards chuckle.

CUT TO:

150 INT. PSYCHE WARD HALLWAY 150

Sara continues her trip on the gurney. Terror enters her heart.

CUT TO:

149 cEXT. HOLDING TANK 149 c

Now, it's Tyrone's turn.

COURT DOCTOR
Can you hear me? Can you see me?

Tyrone nods. That isn't good enough, and so a GUARD whacks him in the back of the head.

GUARD
Say "sir", nigga. God damn New Yawk dope fien niggas. Learn some manners.

COURT DOCTOR
Can you hear me? Can you see me?

TYRONE
Yes, sir.

GUARD
Good boy.

They chuckle. The doctor moves down to Harry.

Harry can barely stand. His eyes are glazed over.

COURT DOCTOR
Can you hear me? Can you see me?

GUARD
Says he's got something wrong with his arm.

The doctor yanks Harry's sleeve up. LIGHTNING PAIN:

HARRY
(scream)
Ma...

Harry collapses. The guards laugh at him as they pick him up.

GUARD
Your mommy isn't here.

The doctor looks at Harry's arm. The guards grabs their noses and almost yack from the smell.

COURT DOCTOR
I don't think you'll be putting any more dope in that arm.

GUARD
Damn, it smells worse than he do.

COURT DOCTOR
Better get him over to the hospital. I don't expect he'll live out the week.

CUT TO:

151 INT. PSYCHE WARD SHOCK THERAPY ROOM 151

Sara is unstrapped from the gurney. Then, she is lifted off of the gurney and laid on a table. Next, she is strapped to the table.

She tries to struggle, but the hands are too many, too strong.

CUT TO:

152 INT. BIG TIM'S LUSH PAD 152

We hear twenty men cheer as we glimpse into the room. They're all wearing suits and holding flashlights.

TIGHT ON Marion's shocked face. TIGHT ON Big Tim's knowing smile. TIGHT ON cigars in strangers mouths. TIGHT ON male hands clapping. TIGHT ON empty faces of five other pretty women checking out Marion.

BIG TIM
(whispers to Marion)
They be six of you cuttin' up an entire piece.

Marion looks at him.

BIG TIM
An' it be real good.

Marion accepts it. Then...

TIGHT ON Big Tim's famous smile:

BIG TIM
Show time.

The men shine their lights on Marion's clothed tits, her privates.

CUT TO:

153 INT. PSYCHE WARD SHOCK THERAPY ROOM 153

Someone sticks something between Sara's teeth. The people around her talk casually and laugh occasionally.

She tries to look around but her body is immobile.

She can make out shadows on the edges of her vision but mostly all she sees are the lights above her.

Then, she feels two cold metal discs placed against her temples.

CUT TO:

154 INT. EMERGENCY OPERATING ROOM 154

Harry is thrown onto an operating table. His clothes are gone in a blink of the eye.

A serious and focused EMERGENCY DOCTOR steps in.

EMERGENCY DOCTOR
We're taking it off at the shoulder. Let's move here people, otherwise we lose him.

Harry remains semi-conscious as the ANESTHESIOLOGIST sticks a mask over his face.

Everything starts to go white. The Emergency Doctor starts-up a circular saw.

Before everything is gone, Harry witnesses the doctor cutting into his shoulder.

IN THE WHITE--

HARRY
Ma.

CUT TO:

155 INT. PSYCHE WARD 155

Sara's heart pounds in her ears. She tries to scream, but a TECHNICIAN interrupts her:

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Okay, ready and one.

SMASH CUT TO:

156 BLINDING PRIMARY RED (the color) 156

We hear a crowd CHEER!

CUT TO:

157 INT. BIG TIM'S LUSH PAD 157

In slow motion and tight close-ups, we experience the orgy with Marion.

There's: nipples, tongues, sex toys, closed eyes of ecstacy men's glares, men's smiles, and the like. The images aren't sexy, they're scary.

One of the girls holds up a double headed dildo and says:

GIRL
What should we do now?

A PERVERT screams out:

PERVERT
Ass to ass, ass to ass!

Marion complies and the flashlights shine. Then, the Pervert starts a chant:

PERVERT (cont'd)
Cum. Cum!

The other men join in as the pace quickens:

PERVERT AND ALL THE MEN
(building in pace and volume)
Cum! Cum! CUM! CUM! CUM!! CUM!!!

Marion is at first afraid. Then, she closes her eyes. Her lips start to quiver. Big Tim's smile gets wider and wider and wider.

And then: Marion comes.

CUT TO:

158 INT. PSYCHE WARD SHOCK THERAPY ROOM 158

Sara's arched and stiffened body looks as if fire has just shot through her body.

Her eyes are almost popping out of her head as her mind screams AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...

She settles for a moment on the table.

Her heart does not beat, her lungs do not breathe.

A moment later, the breath returns. Then, the heart beat slowly emerges. And then, the Technician:

TECHNICIAN
Okay, ready and two.

SMASH CUT TO:

159 PRIMARY RED 159

A crowd CHEERS!

Then we fade to:

160 PRIMARY BLUE 160

Then we--

CUT BACK TO:

161 INT. PSYCHE WARD 161

Once again Sara tries to scream in pain. Flames seem to sear every cell of her body and her bones feel like they are being twisted and crushed.

Smoke simmers off of her hair and skin.

As her body settles, it happens one last time:

TECHNICIAN
Okay, ready and three.

SMASH CUT TO:

162 PRIMARY BLUE 162

The crowd CHEERS once more.

DISSOLVE TO:

163 EXT. CONEY ISLAND PIER 163

The pier stretches off into the beautiful sea. A woman in a red dress walks a baby carriage.

Now, we're on Harry, looking healthy and vibrant. He screams for Marion!

But, she doesn't hear him and she keeps walking. He runs after them.

When he gets close, he suddenly stops. The woman turns around. It is Sara.

HARRY
Ma. What are you doing here.

Sara starts to cry.

HARRY
Ma? It's OK. Ma.

Harry runs to his mom. He reaches to hug her. But, as he does we are in--

BLACK

Harry gets terrified. He starts to scream for his mother.

HARRY
Ma! Ma!

And we--

CUT TO:

164 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 164

An ANGELIC NURSE looks down upon Harry. Tubes stick into every part of him. His eyes are half open.

She wipes the sweat from his brow.

HARRY
Ma.

ANGELIC NURSE
It's alright. Don't worry. You're in a hospital and you're going to be just fine.

HARRY
Ma. Ma.

ANGELIC NURSE (cont'd)
Your mom will come, she'll be sent for. She'll come. She loves you and she'll come.

Then, Harry opens his eyes fully. For a moment he understands. He is an adult and he is calm.

HARRY
No.

ANGELIC NURSE
No?

HARRY
No. She won't.

ANGELIC NURSE
She'll come.

HARRY
No. She won't.

And then, Harry starts to cry. As we float up high above his bed we watch him curl up into a ball.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. JAIL MACHINE SHOP 165

Tyrone drills holes into metal plates with an oversized machine. He dry heaves and fights to stay in his seat.

CUT TO:

166 INT. MARION'S APARTMENT 166

At the foot of Marion's couch are the torn and smeared sketches of Harry's and Marion's store.

Marion comes in through the front door. She walks across the sketches and sits on the couch. Lipstick smeared across her face.

She pulls out a large bag of dope and stares at it. Happily, she fondles the bag. Then, she hugs it tight against her bosom. Slowly, she curls up into a fetal position. Content.

CUT TO:

167 INT. JAIL DORMITORY 167

The work gang collapse onto their individual bunks. Tyrone, sweaty and dirty does the same.

He fights the cramps in his stomach for as long as he can until he passes out.

Then, Tyrone and his bed dissolve into the past.

167A YOUNG TYRONE RESTS IN HIS MOM'S GENEROUS ARMS. 167A

Finally, it is peaceful. Tyrone's mom brushes the tears from his eyes.

TYRONE'S MOTHER
How's your tummy feel?

YOUNG TYRONE
It's mostly gone momma. I doan' need no more medicine.

TYRONE'S MOTHER
That's my big boy.

He looks up at his mom as she starts to sing, "Hush little baby."

YOUNG TYRONE
Your breath be all nice an' sweet mommy.

She hugs her son tight.

TYRONE'S MOTHER
The sweetness be in you child, the sweetness be in you.

CUT TO:

168 INT. PSYCHE VISITING ROOM 168

Ada and Rae sit in the corner of the room stunned by their surroundings. Mounted on the wall is a television. Tappy Tibbons is on. No one is watching.

Sara shuffles towards them and they barely recognize her. Her grey roots match her grey skin which matches her grey gown.

Ada starts taking food out of a large shopping bag.

ADA
We got some lox and cream cheese and bagels and blintzes with sour cream and some Danishes and pastrami and chopped liver on rye with mustard and onions and a container of tea and ... How are you dolly?

But, Sara doesn't answer. She can't. They put their hands on their friend's shoulders but nothing seems to reach her.

Then, they notice that water is dripping down Sara's leg and onto the floor. Sara has urinated on herself.

CUT TO:

169 EXT. BUS STOP 169

Ada and Rae sit waiting for the bus on a grey day in front of a grey building. Tears flow from their eyes. They hug each other.

CUT TO:

170 INT. PSYCHE WARD 170

Sara lays on her bed. A tiny smile emerges on her face.

We get closer and closer to her until we go into the blackness of her pupil.

171 DEEP IN THE BLACKNESS WE SEE ANOTHER WORLD. IT IS A WORLD OF 171
PRIMARY BLUE. AND SUCKING US INTO THE BLUE IS THE ROAR OF A CROWD.

And there, with a giant smile is good ol' Tappy in black tie. He looks into the camera and says.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Mrs. Goldfarb you've just won the grand prize. Tell us, how does it feel?

Red Sara steps out and joins Tappy. She's overwhelmed.

RED SARA
I feel wonderful. I feel amazing. This is great! Harold! Harold! I love you Harold!

The audience goes crazy, they love it. And they start to chant:

AUDIENCE
We love Sara! We love Sara!

TAPPY TIBBONS
They love you Sara.

RED SARA
I love them.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Can I ask you a favor?

RED SARA
Of course.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Would you mind one dance?

RED SARA
No, I'd love to.

TAPPY TIBBONS
Maestro.

Tappy signals to someone off camera. Gently, a glorious, peaceful Waltz begins. Tappy puts out his hand. Sara blushes as she takes it.

Tappy nods. Sara just smiles. And then, he sweeps her up in his arms. They're dancing. Oh boy and are they dancing.

A smile fills Sara's beautiful face. Happiness. Total and complete love. Except, for the truth, the nagging reality. It means tears for Sara and her sparkling eyes well up with fantastic, warm tears.

But, they don't damage her glorious smile.

And they dance, and they dance, and they dance into the cool blue as we--

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL